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Together

740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
Midmonth magazine for Methodist Families

Together

Bolivia
A Land of Decision

How I Listen to God
BY HARRY A. BULLIS

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families February 1959

For All Children: Faith in God

American Boy

By LOWELL B. HAZZARD

AND A VOICE said, "For all children there is the right to a faith that will sustain them in today's world." And I said, "What children? And what faith?" Then I seemed to see all the children of all the world marching single file across my vision—

White children and black children,
well-dressed children and ragged children,
children whose language I could understand,
and children whose language I could not understand,
happy children and frightened children,
children in homes and children without homes,
safe children and wandering children,
playing children and watching children,
children in the wide-open spaces
and children crowded like rats in a warren,
children in trailer parks and migrant camps,
children in mushroom communities,
children in dying communities,
refugee children, unwanted children,
children born and children spawned,
handicapped children and sick children,
the mentally retarded, the mentally precocious,
wide-eyed children and hard-eyed children,
the children I know
and the children I have passed by.

All these children passed single file across my vision, and the children of my own community were among them—everyone.

And I said, "O Lord, all these?"

Think not in a mass, but one by one of all the children of your community and of all the world until your mind grows tired counting them and your heart grows sore thinking about them. Think!

And a Voice said, "For all children there is the right to a faith that will sustain them in today's world."

And I said, "What faith?" Then the heavens seemed to open and the Voice replied, "Faith in goodness, faith in beauty, faith in honor, faith in love, faith in the eternal rightness of the universe, faith in Me, their God."

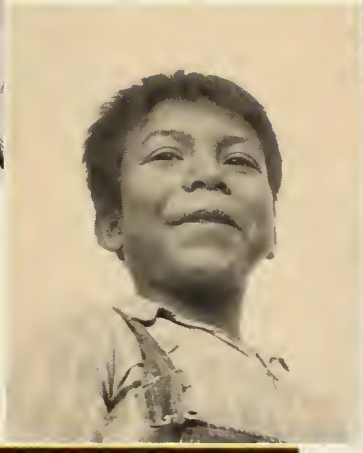
I listened, but the words did not satisfy me; I stirred impatiently. I cried, "How can they believe in beauty? Many have never seen beauty. Or in love, when some have never known love? How can they believe in honor, when today's world provides them with so many lessons in dishonor? Or in the eternal rightness of the universe, whose universe has betrayed them before they were born? Or in You, when they do not know You?"

And the Voice answered, "That is *your* job. Go out to all the children of the world. Bring them the love that they must know, to know Me; the beauty they must see, to see Me. Introduce them into the world of honor; be the advance guard of a universe that does not betray!"

Italian

West Indies

Mexican



Japanese

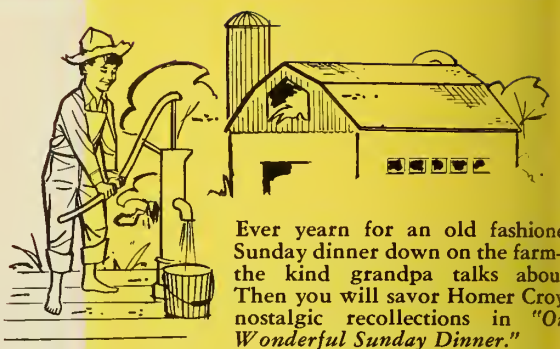
American Girl

European Refugees

...but Jesus said;
"Let the children come
to me, and do not hinder them;
for to such belongs the
kingdom of heaven."
—Matthew 19:14

John The Baptist is emerging from the haze of history as a very real person according to new light thrown on his times by the Dead Sea Scrolls. Read a penetrating analysis of this new found information—*John The Baptist Today* by Biblical Scholar Dr. W. F. Albright of John Hopkins University.

"Folly, stupidity and malevolence are always our real enemies" states historian Bruce Catton, editor of *American Heritage* magazine. His stimulating *"To Survive, Man Must Serve"* appears in the March TOGETHER.



Ever yearn for an old fashioned Sunday dinner down on the farm—the kind grandpa talks about? Then you will savor Homer Croy's nostalgic recollections in *"Our Wonderful Sunday Dinner."*

FUTURE
ARTICLES
YOU'LL WANT TO READ

These and other exceptional features are welcomed in over 900,000 Methodist homes every month. Yet it is only the continued growth of the All Family Subscription Plan that makes it possible for your editors to bring you the best of religious journalism. That is why it is so important for yours to be a TOGETHER All Family Plan church.

Together

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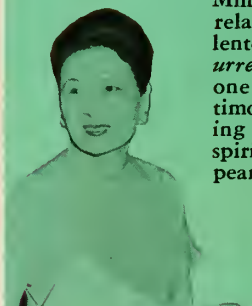

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek will relate her living faith in a lenten article, *"What Resurrection Means To Me"*, one of the "Personal Testimony" features appearing in TOGETHER. Her inspiring philosophy will appear in next month's issue.

"OUTSTANDING"

Relive *"Christ's Last Days On Earth"* as depicted in eight pages of TOGETHER color next month. "So real . . . impressive" raved TOGETHER staff members who photographed the annual American Passion Play in Bloomington, Illinois, as it was presented this past year. You and your entire family will want to save this unusual pictorial to show to your friends and relatives.

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

SCOUTING has long been associated with churches, both here and abroad—and The Methodist Church, with 12,678 Scout units, far outstrips all other Protestant denominations. So chances are your church will join in the observance of Scout Sunday in February, anniversary month of the Boy Scouts of America.

It all goes back to an American businessman who lost his way in a London fog in 1909—and to the small boy who courteously directed him to his destination. The boy declined a tip, explaining he was a British Boy Scout doing a good turn.

The late William D. Boyce, a Chicago publisher, was so impressed by the boy's helpfulness that he accompanied him to the office of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of Scouting. Their conversation led to the start of Scouting in this country—a movement which we, with all Americans, salute with pride.

Scouts, of course, have always been known for their high ideals. And speaking of ideals, we hear there's a trend in publishing back to those expressed in the Horatio Alger books. After decades of scoffing at up-from-the-ranks success through old-time pluck, grit, and hard work, it has been decided that Alger's heroes may have had something after all. Certainly there are some distinguished gentlemen around to offer living proof. One of them is **Harry A. Bullis,** recently retired as chairman of the board of General Mills, whose Personal Testimony, *How I Listen to God,* is on page 11.

Harry Bullis earned his way through college as a sewing-machine salesman—and won his Phi Beta Kappa key en route. When he was hired for a lowly job at General Mills, he not only did a full day's work on the first shift; he stayed around to learn what he could on the second shift! For years, his knowledge of practically every job at General Mills and his Christian concern for people have been priceless assets to his company.

For the **Ralph Castles** of Longmont, Colo., it is only a hop, skip, and jump to the Hidden Valley recreation area pictured on **this month's cover.** That's Grandma Tina Bolte keeping young on a saucer sled with her daughter, Jean, and granddaughter, Kristy Castle. The picture by Mr. Castle earned a nice check—which the family, as good Methodists, immediately turned over to their new church building fund! —Your Editors

Manuscripts: Authors should enclose postage for return—and address all editorial correspondence to the Editorial Department.

Advertising: For rates, write to the Advertising Department.

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LAST CALL for COLOR Photographs

Don't forget February 10th! All color transparencies to be considered for TOGETHER's pictorial illustrating the beloved hymn, *America,* must be received by that date.

If you'd like to share your choice color-photo shots with other readers—but just haven't gone through your slide files or taken those pictures you've been dreaming up—*do it today!* Twice readers have created outstanding TOGETHER color pictorials. Here's your opportunity to build a third—and help others get a refreshed understanding of what this country means to you.

America is No. 489 in *The Methodist Hymnal,* or it can be found in almost any other book of songs or hymns. Read its stirring words, then put your imagination—and your camera—to work.

Send us as many transparencies (not prints or the orange-colored negatives from which Kodacolor prints are made) as you wish. We'll pay $25 for 35-mm slides used, $35 for larger transparencies, all reproduction rights to become TOGETHER's property. Include return postage, please; we'll use all reasonable care in handling and will return all transparencies not used. If convenient, indicate camera, film, lens opening, speed.

But be sure we have your transparencies by February 10th. Mail to:

Photo Editor, TOGETHER
740 N. Rush St.
Chicago 11, Ill.

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

Only Adah Omitted

MRS. VERNON GRANT
Valley City, N.Dak.

Your *Women of the Bible* [December, 1958, page 35] gave me great pleasure. I am a member of the Order of Eastern Star and our heroines of the Bible are Adah, Ruth, Esther, Martha, and Electa, the Elect Lady.

Is it possible to get copies of these pictures to hang in our temple?

Sorry, no. But if arrangements for reprints are made, we'll pass word along through these columns—EDS.

'Horrible, Unnatural, Unreal . . .'

MRS. ESTHER ANDERSON
Mesa, Ariz.

The *Women of the Bible* are horrible, unnatural, and unreal. Bible women were of Assyrian, Jewish, Arabian, Egyptian types, which means they had pointed noses and were tall and slender. All of your women are blondes or faded blondes with blue eyes. Mary is the only one fit to see. Ruth and Martha are wearing the same wig. Esther appears to be about 14, Mary about 15.

'Women . . . Magnificent'!

FARRIS F. MOORE, *District Sup't.*
Nashville, Tenn.

I want to express my appreciation for the fine quality of the December issue. If we receive nothing more than the art, which is shown in *Women of the Bible,* we certainly will be more than repaid for subscription costs. This work is magnificent!

She's Agin Whamdoodlery

JAMES H. MISHEFF, *Pastor*
Cincinnati, Ohio

Both Mrs. Misheff and I think TOGETHER is a splendid magazine. What I think doesn't matter too much. But what she thinks does matter, for she is an acid critic of bogus writing, whamdoodlery, and horse-thievery. So, you're doing a good job.

Needed: 'Back Home' Voice

DR. CARADINE R. HOOTON
General Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

Methodists can be grateful for your timely *Powwow, Drinking on Airlines?* [December, 1958, page 26].

The issue is indeed of such vital importance to the moral and physical welfare of the traveling public that the 86th Congress will undoubtedly take some action to curb the objectionable practice.

The House of Representatives once overwhelmingly endorsed a bill to outlaw intoxicants on airlines and it is reasonable to expect that the Senate will follow suit. If the people back home really want this legislation it is my judgment that Congress will respond to their requests.

Church Should Speak Out

LOUIS J. BOZMAN
West Plains, Mo.

At a meeting of our Commission on Social Relations we discussed *Drinking on Airlines?* The commission voted unanimously to endorse the belief held by Helen Chase, secretary, Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association. We believe that as a Christian nation we are not in the minority group as Stuart G. Tipton, president of the Air Transport Association of America, would have us believe.

We feel that our church should take a positive stand on this issue and speak out against anything harmful to the individual and the nation.

Wanted: More Statistics

MARCIUS E. TABER
Pentwater, Mich.

Re *Drinking on Airlines?:* If handling of problems rising out of serving drinks aloft increases mental and emotional strain on pilot and stewardess, then it cannot be said that serving liquor introduces no hazard to safety.

The subjective matter of such things as strain can easily be overlooked in investigations. But are the airlines or the Civil Aeronautics Board willing to release the figures on the proportion of accidents on airlines, and deaths on flights, where liquor was served in comparison with those flights where it was not served?

She's a Proud Teacher!

GRACE CRANDALL
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I have never been so proud to be a public-school teacher and a Methodist as when I read *Why Don't Methodists Have Parochial Schools?* [November, 1958, page 30]. As a teacher for over 30 years, I see some faults in our schools, but anything controlled by

human beings will have faults. And these faults will also be corrected by human beings.

After World War I it was suggested that world peace and friendship be promoted through our public schools. We were so successful that when World War II came along, several boys in our school asked, "Why should we go and fight those guys? We've been writing to them for years." And yet the schools continue to be blamed because the youth weren't prepared for war! Through exchange students and teachers, through friendly letters between our pupils and those of other lands, and through the study of the people of other lands, our schools are still leading in promoting understanding.

Rx for Downhearted

MRS. MABEL C. CLARK
Sodus, N.Y.

Our fine magazine gets better each month and the November issue was just perfect because of the children's drawings for Thanksgiving [*With Grateful Hearts*, page 34]. What a clever idea! If anyone is downhearted, I recommend that he study that section. It made my heart glad.

To Dispel Prejudices

MRS. P. E. DENNIS
North Little Rock, Ark.

Having spent over a year in the Middle East on a UN mission and there making many wonderful Moslem friends, I turned with interest to Dorothy Thompson's *Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends* [November, 1958, page 18]. So good! So true! Then Larry Flint's *We're Missing the Star* [page 21] surely was plucked right out of the great heart of God!

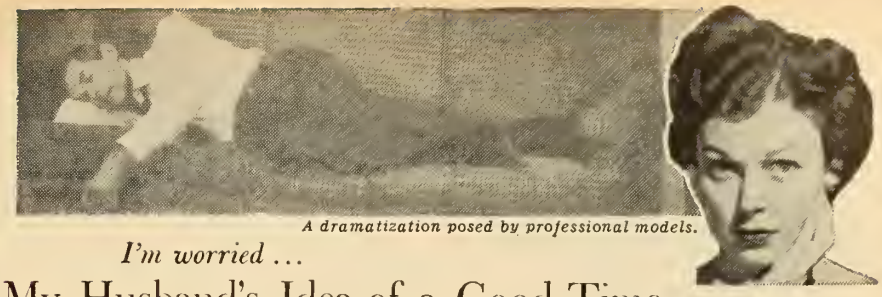
My sincere wish is that more Methodists, as well as all other sincere people, could read the wonderful messages in TOGETHER. For so many of them tell us to let go of our prejudices, fears, and ill feelings because of differences of opinion, of religious belief, of color of skin.

Would She Jettison the Creeds?

KEITH A. LEACH, *Pastor*
Thornton Methodist Church
Thornton, Ill.

Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends, by Dorothy Thompson, is a good example of our theological poverty. Miss Thompson seems to be arguing: 1) Moslem and Christian can be friends and 2) In religion they have a basis for co-operation. No Christian would deny the validity of No. 1, but no one with an ounce of theological insight would fail to see the stupendously difficult problems implicit in No. 2.

Obviously if one is prepared to jettison the creeds (and most of the New



A dramatization posed by professional models.

I'm worried ...

My Husband's Idea of a Good Time—
SLEEPING ALL DAY SUNDAY!

WHAT can you do when your husband doesn't enjoy anything better than sleeping all day Sunday, and is too tired to go visiting, to a movie, dancing?

I just didn't know what to do for my husband until one day I saw a Vitasafe ad. It told how thousands of folks who felt worn out, nervous and irritable due to a vitamin-mineral deficiency had increased their pep and vigor through the Vitasafe Plan. I sent for the trial supply that was offered. It made my husband as happy and energetic as when we were first married. Why don't you send for a 30-day trial supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules today!

25¢ just to help cover shipping expenses of this

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In October, 1956, The Methodist Church launched a "Bold Venture in religious journalism." Today, the circulation of our "church papers"—**Together, with 24 Area News Editions, New Christian Advocate, Central Christian Advocate**—is at an **all-time high.** Total distribution exceeds 1,000,000 copies. This is a 450% increase since General Conference.

Together, particularly, has captured the hearts of its readers in a truly remarkable way. (More than 8,000 churches are enrolled in the ALL FAMILY PLAN . . . the Fort Wayne District (Indiana) has **Together** in every Methodist home . . . in January, ALASKA became the FIRST ALL FAMILY PLAN STATE.)

Our "venture in faith" has reached its first plateau, but our task is far from finished. In fact, it has just begun. Serving one-third of Methodism's families leaves two-thirds unserved by our church magazines. And our "church papers" should become economically independent.

Both goals are a challenge. Both goals can be attained. Inflation, rising costs of materials, labor, etc., naturally, have affected our publishing operations. Good stewardship requires an adjustment in rates this year. I believe you will agree the amounts are minimal. The rates become effective as follows:

MAGAZINE	RATE	EFFECTIVE
Together—All Family	**65¢ a qtr.**	**September 1, 1959**
Together—Individual	**$4 a year**	**April 1, 1959**
New Christian Advocate	**$4 a year**	**April 1, 1959**
Central Christian Advocate	**$2 a year**	**September 1, 1959**

Lovick Pierce
President and Publisher

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Testament) there is no barrier to augmenting "togetherness" and making Methodists of Moslems (except that the Moslems might not go for it). Miss Thompson hasn't proposed lumping Moslems and Methodists, but she has proposed what is tantamount to some sort of "simultaneous evangelistic emphasis" with them.

Rader Data

MRS. M. A. HILL
Olympia, Wash.

Barnabas [November, 1958, page 55] asked about "the Reverend Rader"—Dr. Daniel L. Rader. I am his granddaughter. After my grandfather left Wyoming he was a preacher in Denver, Colo., then went to St. Paul, Minn., and then to Tacoma, Wash., where he was pastor of the First Methodist Church. I think it was in 1904 that he was sent to Portland, Oreg., as the editor of *The Pacific Christian Advocate,* which now has united with TOGETHER.

Our thanks to Dr. Rader's granddaughter for interesting information on this Westerner's life.—EDS.

She Stopped Procrastinating!

MRS. CHARLES B. HASSON
Calhoun, Ga.

What a procrastinator I am! Ever since I received my first copy of TOGETHER my gratitude for the wonderful spirit of the magazine has been boundless.

There's no bigotry, littleness of spirit, narrowness of presentation in TOGETHER. It has a Christlike spirit and faces facts with dignity and truth. Some of the criticism in letters is unfair. I like constructive criticism which offers ideas of growth, not narrowness and prejudice. How I pray for an open mind and the awareness of others' needs in spirit as much as in physical needs!

Young People Go *Together!*

JACK ROTHER
St. Louis, Mo.

Here is a picture of what probably is Methodism's first "Together Class." This is a newly formed group of young adults in one of the oldest churches in the St. Louis area, Mt. Zion Methodist Church. In the left center are our pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Jared Taylor.

We chose "Together" because we felt that the name and the publication exemplify a vital Christian spirit. We subscribe 100 per cent, and feel that TOGETHER is a must in every Methodist home.

Well, well—here is something new in Methodism. And we are especially proud that the people who selected the name are young!—EDS.

Candle Glows on Campus

MRS. EARL ROADMAN
Dike, Iowa

I was delighted to read *The Candle in the Forest* [December, page 16]. I am personally interested in this beautiful story, since it has become a Christmas tradition on the campus of Morningside College at Sioux City. Each Christmas season the college president's wife is asked to read it to the college girls gathered around the Christmas tree in Dimmitt Hall. For 20 years I had this privilege. The girls never tired of it and felt that it was a sort of spiritual preparation for their Christmas homecoming.

This story is particularly fitting for a day in which it seems easy to substitute things that money can buy for the things that money can never buy.

Many Rooms Disappointing

MRS. MYRTLE FAUCETT
Indianola, Iowa

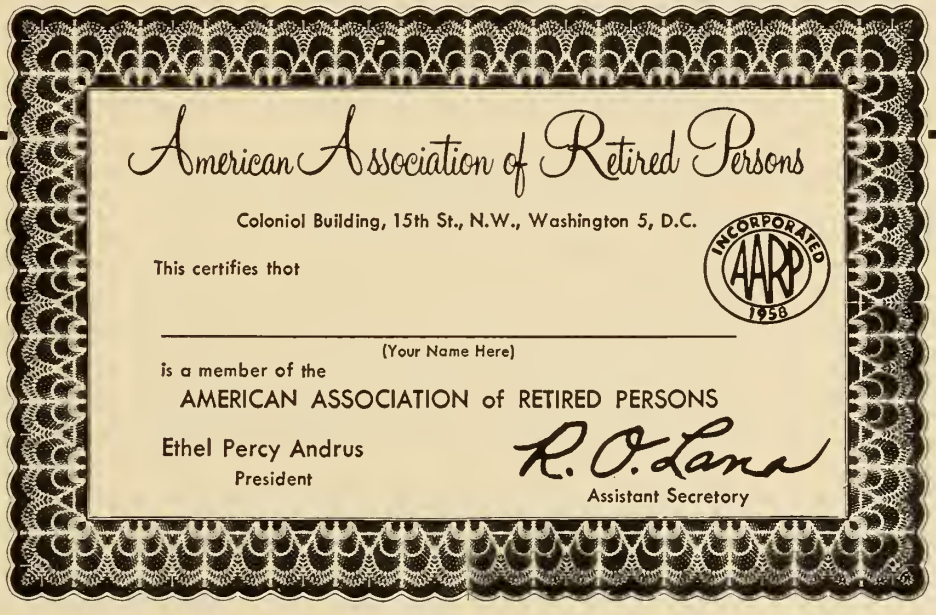
As one born in India of Methodist-missionary parents, and who married a Methodist missionary, and lived in India 55 years, I take exception to Bishop Kennedy's recommendation of Robin White's *House of Many Rooms* [*Browsing in Fiction,* December, 1958, page 53]. Robin White was born in India and lived there until he was 16.

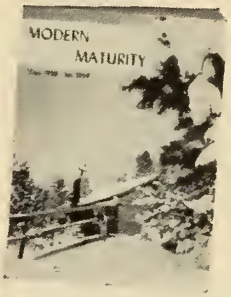
The story is fiction about a missionary family in India. The author has taken

Together: A St. Louis class adopts our name, shows a vital Christian spirit.

If you are over 65...I invite you to join the AMERICAN ASSOCIATION of RETIRED PERSONS

Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus, educator, senior-age expert, President of AARP, Editor of Modern Maturity.





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Who makes all this possible?

AARP . . . a non-profit educational philanthropic organization incorporated to serve and benefit all senior people. As a member, you share the experiences and wisdom of an active, alert, nation-wide group your own age who are solving senior-age problems with amazing success.

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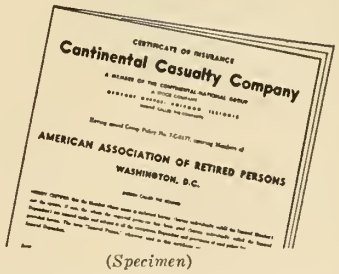

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what bizarre customs he can remember from his childhood or conceive in his brain and used these as props for his story. But he has exploited India to write a modern "popular" book that will shock, amuse, and startle.

Here's Bro. Van's Song

E. E. PECK
Dalhart, Tex.

I was much interested in *Saint in Stirrups* [July, 1958, page 18] because I used to be appointed delegate to Montana Conference from Yellowstone District.

Brother Van always led the singing and I shall never forget how his voice affected me. I am sending you the words of *Harvest Time*, by W. A. Spencer, the song that became known throughout Montana as Brother Van's Montana song.

The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping,
And watered with tears and with dews from on high;
Another may shout when the harvesters reaping
Shall gather my grain in the sweet by-and-by.

Another may reap what in springtime I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling, sadhearted, in sunshine and rain.

The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

Chorus:
Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper,
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry,
But the ears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy by-and-by.

Christmas Quandary Quelled

MRS. VERNER W. FALK
Oakfield, Wis.

Each Christmas I am in a quandary as to what to send my Japanese pen pal. Last year my problem seemed even greater because now she is married and I wanted to send something her husband also could enjoy.

Thanks to TOGETHER my problem was solved. I sent them a gift subscription—and possibly a better understanding as well as a true picture of the American way of life.

"Anything I should say for you?"

Together / NEWSLETTER

38,000 MISSIONARIES. Protestant missionaries over the world now number 38,606. So reports the National Council of Churches' division of foreign missions. The total has increased 50 per cent in 22 years—but the agency warns that trends toward nationalism may have an effect on the number of workers accepted in the future in such areas as Africa. It also says a "fellow worker with the church" concept is replacing the old-time paternalistic attitude. [See Are 'Foreign' Missions Through?, January, 1959, page 32.]

TWO FOR FIVE. South Baltimore, Md., Methodists wound up 20 years of talk in 1958 by reducing their churches from five to two. All were located within a quarter-mile radius and all were suffering from the changing social pattern. In two separate mergers, four churches whose history covers 125 years—the South Baltimore Station, Light Street, Patterson, and Lowe Memorial—have become the Good Shepherd Methodist Church. The fifth church, Fort Avenue, did not join the merger.

URGE DRAFT STUDY. The Council of Bishops is calling for a restudy of universal conscription. Further, the bishops want action before any new act is passed to replace the one expiring this year. The Council, in a resolution, hit the law as unnecessary and ineffective. It also reminded draft boards that The Methodist Church recognizes the rights of members to answer their government's call according to the dictates of their Christian conscience.

BROTHERHOOD A 'GRACE.' President Eisenhower, in his message declaring Brotherhood Week Feb. 15 to 22, defines brotherhood as a "grace" sought by all people. Its achievement, he adds, is the "crowning objective of our society." A Methodist layman, George B. McGibbin of Chicago, is national chairman of the observance.

RECORD SEMINARY ENROLLMENT. The 1958-59 enrollment in 10 Methodist seminaries has increased 10 per cent over 1957-58 to reach a record high of 2,844. Dr. Gerald O. McCulloh, director of theological education, credits the growth to an intensified ministerial-recruitment program, plus a growing awareness of the need for more ministers.

SUCCEEDS BISHOP WARD. Bishop Arthur J. Moore, Board of Missions president, has been chosen to succeed the late Bishop Ralph Ward in the Orient. He will continue to be Atlanta Area administrator. [See related story, page 68.]

(More church news on page 66)

1959 WARNING
from The Wall Street Journal

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✠ Personal Testimony

How I Listen to God

By HARRY A. BULLIS

A Methodist layman, Mr. Bullis recently retired as chairman of the board, General Mills, Inc.

WHEN I was a youngster, I was a skinny, stammering, self-conscious, six-foot bean pole of a boy who suffered a dreadful inferiority complex. My mother, a devout Methodist, worried about my anguished state of mind.

One day, when I was moodier than usual, she said: "Harry, you go out into the woods and talk over your troubles with God."

I called my dog and walked out into the still, green forest. In all my youthful earnestness, I asked God for help. I waited and listened, my dog silent beside me. Finally, I thought I heard God say:

"Harry, you've got to stop being ashamed of yourself. Lift up your head. Straighten your shoulders. Walk forward with honesty and courage, and you will fight and win your way up to a good life."

That is when I learned the secret of what I call "listening silence." After every talk I have with God I sit back and listen for his guidance. I have talked to him many times about my various responsibilities and about my personal problems. In the business world, I have had many vital decisions to make. These affect the lives of thousands who work with me or who depend on my judgment.

Up to a certain point, I try to trust my own intelligence and experience. But I have no high opinion of my intelligence. Countless times in my career I have realized that I alone was not up to making the plans and decisions I had to make. I needed help. At those times I have never forgotten what I learned in the forest. I put myself into a mood of receptive listening, alone and silent, waiting for some help or signal from God.

Through the years he has never failed me. I know that his voice is waiting to be heard, if I seek out and find a corner of silence.

God's helpful guidance may come out of a clear sky, while I am talking with someone or reading a book. It has come to me in a stratoplane over the Atlantic, or in a taxi hurrying through the streets of downtown Minneapolis. And when I have had the courage to follow what I believed to be God's will, I have reached decisions that proved to be right. But when I lacked the necessary courage, I failed.

My experience with prayer and listening silence has convinced me that God is order in the midst of doubt and confusion. I have found it is possible for me to listen to God. Sometimes I go into a room and sit there for 10 minutes, relaxing, praying, listening for God's guidance.

In these busy, exciting times we must seek God's guidance more fervently than ever before. I fear that our intelligence and experience have not prepared us for the crises ahead. Anyone who denies that we need God on our side as we march along the years is either arrogant or infantile. I am convinced that if we learn to attune ourselves and listen receptively, the answers will come. Perhaps not all at once. Perhaps not entirely to our liking. But they will surely give us new confidence, spiritual poise, and power.

Our forefathers were strong men with courage and aggressive self-confidence. But they did not rely entirely on their knowledge or experience. They had an abiding faith in God.

When I take my problems to God humbly and listen to him receptively, my confusion and pessimism give way to optimism. My faith in God has given me faith in myself and faith in my future.

Flames! Smoke! A child's innocent remark gave the warning; a brave mother saved their lives.

Ten Minutes With Death

By ANNABEL MORRIS BUCHANAN

IT BEGAN like any other mid-January morning, with the cold, gray mist of southwestern Virginia gradually turning to sleet. In our second-floor apartment I had donned my most housewifely garments and flat-heeled shoes, and was busy with a general shining of kettles, cupboards, and kitchen. My husband, convalescing from a recent illness, was asleep in a room on the other side of a central hallway. Our five-year-old son was absorbed watching Susy, the goldfish, cavorting in her globe among ferns and flowering plants on the broad window shelf beside me.

The kitchen door opened and my little girl came in.

"Mother," she remarked, "I saw Dr. Brockman running, with fire under his feet."

"Did you, darling?" I responded absently. After all, her six-year-old fantasies were no more farfetched than my own had been at her age, and I generally humored them.

"But I did see him, Mother!"

"Oh, darling, perhaps you just imagined it."

I had seen Dr. Brockman leave his rooms, adjoining ours, only a few minutes before, and we were the only occupants of the second floor. But, to satisfy her and carry out the fancy (or was there a note of anxiety in her voice?), I went to the door, opened it—and almost fell backward from the shock.

The long hallway was black with smoke billowing up the central stairway, lashed by fugitive tongues of flame. Incredibly, in the space of a few minutes, the building was on fire. Even in that dazed second I watched, the flames increased in size, the ominous rumbling grew heavier. Already the stairway exit was cut off. And my husband was asleep on the other side!

At once I started to run through to wake him. But in that instant the monstrous black shape before me, sweeping up the stairs, billowed into a giant of destruction, hurling at me the most agonizing decision a woman can be called to make. Should I try to save my husband or my children?

The answer was instantaneous—a flame-quick revelation of the children's probable fate if I left them. My husband might wake, or others might discover the fire and call him. But my children were solely dependent on me now. If I started down the hall they might try to follow, calling, "Daddy."

Suddenly I realized I had been calling his name over and over, though the screams of warning could not possibly have been heard over the increasing roar of the fire. And if I could not get back to them . . .

All this had taken only a second or two. I slammed the door shut and rushed the children to a big front window in my room, adjoining the kitchen. The hall door in that room was closed and locked. I would throw open the window, place the children beside it, and call to someone in the street two stories below to bring a ladder for them, while I ran back through the hall. Perhaps I still could get through to my husband.

People had begun to gather on the street below. I shouted to them, begging help for my husband, pointing to the room where he lay, calling for a ladder to get the children down. Although my voice was a shriek, by this time it could not be heard above the hubbub outside and the raging fury within. But they were calling to us, and men came running with a ladder. I turned back to my children, to reassure them.

"Mother'll be back—I'm going for Daddy. They'll get you down. Don't move!"

I do not know how much of this I said. My whole being was one agonized prayer. *O God, let me reach him in time! Let my children be safe!*

With the children's rescue apparently only a few seconds away, and the closed door momentary protection from the fire, I ran back to the kitchen door which led into the hall, intending to creep on hands and knees until I reached that room beyond the stair well.

I tugged at the doorknob and the door burst open. I was thrown flat on the floor as a black wall of smoke surged in. The hall just beyond was an inferno. Nothing could get through. And I had left my husband asleep.

Dazed, my eyes full of smoke, yet with something racing within and shaking me into action, I managed to get back on my feet and pushed with all my strength at the door until the catch held—for how long? I could hear window glass crashing to the floor on the other side. The whole building was quivering under something menacing, monstrous. It was death.

I rushed back to the children. I had left them only a few seconds before, but in those seconds something in me had answered the challenge of that hideous advancing destruction. I was not me any more. I was a cringing human being, facing a certain and terrible fate. But I acted—

"I could feel heat from the
fire below through my thin-soled shoes.
'Dear God, don't let the floor
give way!' Again, with agonizing clarity,
I heard the call of death."

perhaps automatically, I do not know. There was only the ghastly feeling of having failed to rescue my husband; now I must not fail in this other, perhaps even more peremptory duty. I must get my children out.

They were still at the window and I caught them up, trying to place them on the ledge so the men could rescue them. My little son was terrified. Both must have thought I meant to throw them down onto the street below. I leaned out to help place them on the ladder—and the ladder wasn't there!

Fire and smoke belched from the windows below us. Outside, people were gesticulating, shouting, pointing. Suddenly I understood.

"Get away from that window!"

They were pointing back of us, motioning us toward the kitchen. Even as we huddled together, smoke and flame billowed over our heads. Fire had broken through the door and wall of my room, and we were engulfed in blackness. Death had called for us all.

I dragged both children to the kitchen door, but my son broke away and, apparently crazed with fear, ran straight back toward the fire. My mind clicked. I reached him almost on the instant, and—unbelievably, as I look back—slapped him. It worked. (I was to find, years later, that he was trying to reach my coat, near where the fire had broken through, for me to wear outside.) We three ran together into the kitchen, slamming the door behind us. Death might be kept at bay a few seconds longer.

AS I ran to the wide kitchen window, I remembered that for weeks I had not been able, with all the strength I could muster, to budge it. It had become wedged tight. And I never had been able to move the heavy screen on the outside.

Now we had no other hope. In that closed room, all sounds from the street were absent. There was the ominous, continuous falling of window glass around us, as one window after another gave way. There was the dull, menacing roar of the fire, and, more and more, that ghastly shuddering of the entire building. I could feel heat from the fire below through my thin-soled shoes. *Dear God, don't let the floor give way!*

Again, with agonizing clarity, I heard the call of death.

Frantically, I shoved aside the plants and the goldfish bowl on the big window shelf. In that instant the thought leaped into my mind of people who, under terrific stress, had suddenly found themselves able to accomplish the impossible. Was it the answer to a desperate prayer?

I threw myself against the window —and it flew upward as if made of cardboard. In another second the heavy screen went clattering to the roof below.

O God, the fresh air! The wonderful, beautiful world!

I dragged the children up beside me, and there, hurrying to us across the low, flat roof below, were men running to meet us with a ladder. In another few seconds they had carried the children down.

Then I discovered again the hidden power available behind fear and stress. Never in my life had I gone down a ladder except by clinging to the rungs and creeping down backward on hands and knees. Now, with hardly a thought of what I was doing, I stepped from the window and ran lightly down the ladder.

Other men pressed up to help us from the low roof to the ground. And, running toward the foot of the second ladder, reaching the spot just as I did—his face cut, covered with smoke and grime, hands bleeding and burned—there was my husband.

"Oh, John, John, I thought you were dead!"

"Honey, I tried to reach you! I crawled along the hall in the smoke and fire to get you and the children —and the door was locked!" He tried to hold us all in his arms at once.

Then it seemed as if the whole town were crowding around us. We were safe. We were together again as a family. In broken sentences, our friends told of their joy at our escape, of their efforts to reach us after a sudden explosion in the furnace room had doomed the building; of Dr. Brockman's discovering the fire on his way out and running back upstairs to call my husband, of both trying to reach us. I learned that the two, on finding escape through the hall cut off for all, had crawled along the window ledge outside, clinging to the building and calling for help for us still trapped within.

It all had been so incredibly sudden, with no warning! From the furnace room, the monstrous fire jinni had leaped, full grown, up the stairway. And only a little girl's crossing the hall to give her innocent warning had saved her own life—and probably the lives of two others!

OUTSIDE, the sleet fell cold upon us. Our coats and winter clothing now were fuel for the flames. Firemen had reached our rooms in time to save the few things farthest from the stairway. But in that 10 minutes of destruction, most of our possessions had been lost. Pathetic heaps which had been tossed out of the windows lay on the ground about us. A few yards away was a smoking, water-soaked pile of exquisitely flowered silk and lace—my favorite evening dress, worn only a short time before at a candlelit colonial tea.

There were other things in the apartment that the firemen did not have time to reach, prized possessions they did not know where to find had there been time.

Our grand piano, my husband's wedding present to me and the pride of my heart, had stood in the room at the head of the stairway, directly in the path of the flames. Books handed down in our families, treasured linens and silver, keepsakes, paintings, family records—not to mention furniture, rugs, and clothing for everyday needs—most of these we would never see again, or only as they had become blackened and disfigured.

As the sleet beat down upon us, we stood, my husband and I, with arms clasped around our children and each other—and we laughed. Those around us thought we were hysterical from the shock and reaction. But we were not. We suddenly realized, with our worldly possessions in flames, that we still had each other and our children. We had love.

In those first few minutes of the reprieve death had granted us, I think we both came face to face with a profound, universal truth: that even if one of us had been forced to answer the call, and leave the other, love itself would not have been touched.

Now, these many years later, I know that love endures—even on the other side of death.

He rarely spoke out—but when he did!

Uncle Gabe

By ELMER HINTON

I RECKON it was the only time in his life that Uncle Gabe ever spoke out in public. But chances are old Caney Fork Methodist Church never would have got an organ if he hadn't.

The old folks were talking about that a while back when we decided to trade in the old piano for a new one. It didn't take hardly any effort to raise the money for that.

"Gittin' a organ back in them days and a new pianner now is a mighty different thing," said Reed Amos. "Back then a organ was just a wedge to split the congregation in two."

"Shore was," added Rufe Barlow. "An' I figger we'd still be a-pitchin' our songs by Tut Akers' ol' tunin' fork but fer Brother Gabe."

Now some members have always looked on Uncle Gabe as a special cross old Caney Church had to bear. It's a fact he isn't a very pious man—except during big meetin' time and when the preacher goes to his house for dinner. He's been known to show up at a game-rooster fight, but each time he vowed he just happened to be passing by.

But Uncle Gabe is known to be an accommodatin' neighbor and really lets his light shine when the church has a tough job to do.

Most of the menfolks had been dead set against buyin' the little foot-pump organ from the start. The women had raised all the money to date by donating their Sunday eggs and butter, by quilting quilts and selling them, and had staged one strawberry festival. But money was hard to come by in those days and they didn't have but half enough to buy the organ. They wanted the men to put up the rest of the money.

Now they'd been hoping Uncle Gabe would side with them. They felt he was the one person who could put it over, though it made them uneasy when they wondered about how he'd do it.

They remembered some of his methods in the past, especially when dealing with the tightwads of the congregation. Then there was the time he went outside the congregation to get a liberal donation toward putting a new roof on the church. That caused a big uproar.

It came from a man who didn't belong to any church. Which was all right—only this man was reasonably suspected of using his corn for something besides roasting ears and corn meal. "That's the devil's money," thundered Lem Brizentine, and Uncle Gabe snapped back, "Used to be; ain't now." That about ended that argument and they went on and used the money.

But the discussion grew hotter and hotter the night they met to settle the organ question.

"Spendin' a dollar or two distracts some people more'n the devil does," said Sally Jo Foster, madder than a copperhead in dog days.

"As fer me," spoke up Job Eskin, "I ain't in favor of doin' things halfway. Iffen we git a organ I move that we buy a monkey to go with it."

"We got plenty o' monkeys without havin' to buy one," snapped Gussie Stubblefield who sang alto in the choir.

There was a lot more. But finally came a lull and Uncle Gabe rose slowly to his feet. You could have heard a pin drop; nobody expected Uncle Gabe to speak up in church.

"Now I ain't a-sayin' one way er t'other on this organ question," he began. "But I calkilate the devil is a-gittin' his enjoyment outten all this argyment."

"Amen!" bellowed Brother Brooks, the pastor. Up to then Brother Brooks had straddled the organ issue until he had a pretty good balance.

"Now I heer," Uncle Gabe went on, "that the folks over at Goshen Church has bought a new organ—didn't have no fuss 'r feathers over it, either. But I guess they just get along better'n we do. I don't keer, though, if people say Goshen Church can have a organ an' we can't. So, I just say vote one way 'r t'other and let's go home."

UNCLE GABE sat down. But he'd really thrown his Sunday punch. If there was one thing the pillars of old Caney Church didn't want, it was for the folks over at Goshen to outdo them.

"Sounds like a mighty lot of sense to what Brother Gabe says," said Brizentine. "Maybe we've been a mite off balance on this thing."

"Amen!" roared Brother Brooks. "I say we ort to sing a song and pass the hat an' git the money to buy this organ right off," spoke up Job Eskin.

And they did. Not only did they raise enough to pay for the organ but had enough left over to buy a new lot of songbooks.

After which they sang *On Jordan's Stormy Banks*—with Uncle Gabe joining in on the bass—and had a big handshake all around.

Everywhere confused and empty people are searching for

A Religion With Depth

By RALPH W. SOCKMAN

Dr. Sockman is the pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City, and is preacher to millions on the National Radio Pulpit.

I MUST MAKE a confession. For more than 40 years I have ministered to a Methodist parish in the city that boasts it is "the gateway to a continent." I have participated in uncounted meetings of churchmen, including 10 General Conferences. But until I recently traveled in the Orient, I was woefully unaware of the strategic role of our denomination in the struggle for the minds and hearts of men in the Far East.

In Singapore, for example, the vitality of our Methodist institutions surprised me. And as I met professional and civic leaders who had been trained in our schools and are active in our parishes, I was swept by a challenging conclusion. Just as Britain shaped the physical planning of that great port city, so Methodism is helping mightily to give direction to its social and spiritual future.

We Protestants, especially, need such eye openers. But it is not necessary to take a trip abroad to get them. One of the most missionary-minded persons I ever knew was tethered to a secretary's desk and never traveled more than a few hundred miles from her job. When she joined the church, she felt it was her duty to share what she had. As she gave she developed her duty into a pleasure by cultivating acquaintance with those to whom she gave. Soon she had a wide correspondence with missionaries and new converts. I testify that the life of that woman went out to the ends of the earth.

No thoughtful Christian feels that his serving and saving work can be limited to his own locality. The world is forcing itself into our communities. The supports of a church rest on foundations that run out beyond neighborhood and nation. No church can live to itself —certainly, not today! Modern communication and travel are making us aware of multitudes we never saw or thought of a few years ago.

My father had a favorite expression to describe the utterly unreachable. Of certain proposals he was wont to say, "We can no more do that than fly to Egypt!" Yet today we fly from America to Egypt in less than 24 hours. And Egypt's Nasser figures in our nation's affairs more forcibly than our home-district congressman.

Nasser and Nehru and Khrushchev—these names have become household words among us. The news of what other governments are doing is broadcast into our homes daily, even hourly. Yet despite all this, we are not seeing the peoples of the world as human individuals. Our press and radio, in order to cover the world's stage every day, have to generalize. They do so by citing governmental actions and quoting official leaders. If the Kremlin speaks, they say, "That is Russia talking." If Downing Street utters a statement, they say, "That's England speaking." If the White House makes a pronouncement, the other nations say, "That is what America feels and thinks." But America is more than Washington, Britain more than Downing Street, Russia more than the Kremlin.

Some persons must see behind the headlines and listen beyond the broadcasts in order to understand the hearts and hopes of God's other children beyond national boundaries. Who—if not we who strive to follow Christ?

Dwight Morrow, businessman and diplomat, is reported to have said that one of our troubles in international relations is that we judge ourselves by our motives and other people by their actions. Certainly we Americans believe and assert that our motives are pure, that we desire nothing but peace in the world. But some nations judge us by our world-wide air bases and our world-cruising navies. And we must appreciate what our fears would be if Russia planted airfields in Mexico and Canada.

We must try to see ourselves as others see us and try to comprehend the motives of other nationalities as we would wish them to understand ours. And if we are to have our eyes opened to see personality behind propaganda and curtains, we need the added touch of Christ to sharpen our insight and imagination. Along with organizations like the United Nations and Information Services and Technical Assistance Programs must go a Christlike imagination helping us to put ourselves in others' places, to see how life would look to us if our culture and color were like theirs. We need Christ to put charitableness into our charity.

Those who belong to the white race and the strong nations must see that helpfulness does not flow like a river from a higher to a lower level, but that it moves between nations and races as the tide moves across the ocean—on the level—drawn by the attraction of a power above. As the power of the moon moves the tides of the sea, so the power of God through Christ moves the tides of conciliation and co-operation.

Those who have seen the refugee camps in Jordan and Pakistan, in Hong Kong and Calcutta, can hardly erase from their minds the appalling evidences of human erosion. The government of Hong Kong has bravely tried to transplant the squatters from their squalid huts on the hillsides of Kowloon to blocks of new buildings, but with 3,000 persons to a block and families of 8 or more to a room, tolerable home life and moral decency of living seem far from being realized. Methodists, aided by native workers, are helping with Wesley Village [May, 1957, page 38] and other denominations are also working mightily to bring order and hope into the chaos and despair. The refugee hordes must find rootage or millions of little children will be tossed like refuse on a rubbish heap.

When the Japanese Emperor disavowed his divine status, he left a spiritual vacuum in the minds of his people, as Dr. E. Stanley Jones pointed out in TOGETHER last month [page 32]. Our occupation forces did not quite realize that fact. Now, the Japanese leaders are waking up to it. There is much discussion of moral education in their schools and press. Japan is bedeviled with youthful delinquents just as we are in America. The devastation of war, the migration of refugees, the mass living of crowded cities, the weakening of home life—all have combined to create a rootless generation.

Great areas of the world have been reduced to human dust bowls. But the waste of rootlessness is not limited to refugee camps and war-worn lands. One can see it in America on college campuses. Students are groping for something to believe in, something to hold to. Many are living on short-term contracts with life, looking ahead to marriage and jobs, but having no philosophy of life to give meaning and purpose. Seemingly, they just want to make enough to live on. Many of them are interested vaguely in religion for they feel the emptiness of materialism, and some are studying comparative religions, thinking that there must be some good in all of them—

"In Singapore the vitality of our Methodist institutions is helping give direction to its social and spiritual future."

Where Laymen Come In

By RICHARD C. RAINES
Bishop, Indiana Area,
The Methodist Church

THE BIBLE seems not to be concerned with what a man does to earn his living. It is no respecter of persons—whether one is a physician, a fisherman, a teacher, or a tentmaker. But it is interested in the way and the spirit in which a man works.

We usually define "laymen" or "laity" as non-professional religious people—those who do not earn their living by serving the church. But the word *laity* comes from the Greek word *laos*, which meant simply "the people of God."

Too long have we thought that we had to leave the office, or the store, or the market place, or the lathe, or the bench, in order to do spiritual work. It is not so! Paul was a tentmaker, John Woolman was a tailor. John Bunyan was a tinker. But their vocation, their call was to be Christians—to witness for Christ.

We shall come to see the sacredness of the common task more clearly if we lay hold upon one of the main discoveries of the Protestant Reformation, namely, the priesthood of the individual believer. Martin Luther discovered that while God worked through the priest, he also worked through other people. He did not confine himself to conveying his presence and his life and his will to any one institution. He came to see that every man not only could be used of God to minister spiritual things to his neighbor but that every man was meant by God to exercise this kind of vocation. Every disciple could thus be a priest to his own soul, receiving directly from God through scripture, or through presence of the Holy Spirit, direction and peace. He was also intended to be a priest to others.

Our primary calling—our primary vocation —is to be witnesses for Christ by the equality of our life and the testimony of our tongue.

Spiritual work is thus not to be limited to the less than three tenths of one per cent of the people of God who are known as clergymen, but it is the privilege and, indeed, the responsibility of every disciple of Christ. And each disciple must exercise this spiritual ministry to which he has been called or he begins to lose inner glow and joy and power.

but too few of them are rooted and grounded in Christ.

Paul Tillich, the distinguished Harvard theologian, recently wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* on *Religion's Lost Dimension*. Pointing out that popular current methods of mass evangelism and mental assurance do not reach down to our real needs, he called for a recovery of depth in our religion. If there is to be any real revival of religion which will save the present and shape the future, we must present our Christian faith in a way to reach the campus as well as the crowd on the street. The church is challenged to proclaim and practice a faith which is intellectually respectable, socially responsible, morally reforming, and spiritually redemptive.

Here is a task too great for the pulpit. We do need more good preachers and enlarged institutions for training them—but the greatest hope of spiritual advance is in the pew. I believe with the late Glenn Frank that America could start a real religious revival in a few months' time, if laymen would begin talking about religion in the same straightforward, simple, matter-of-fact way that they discuss their daily affairs. We must get our religious faith out of its Sunday moth balls and wear it as a working garb. This does not mean a parade of piety or the current vogue of offering prayer as the quick way of financial success and social acceptance. It means discussing and demonstrating the difference Christ makes in the practice of law and medicine, in the factory, the field, and the office.

At the Union Church of Tokyo, I listened one Sunday morning to the minister outline plans for the year ahead. His stress fell on clarifying and determining the goals of that particular congregation. Should it concentrate on non-Japanese English-speaking residents? Should it encourage Japanese Christians to attend and strengthen their own Japanese churches? How can it adjust itself to the transiency of the American colony in Japan?

Practical questions, these, but all pivoting around the church's mission. What those Tokyo Christians were doing should be done by laymen everywhere. What should be the goals of *our* local church? And what is the mission of the church-at-large?

These are questions to challenge the best minds of our parishes. As we answer them, we will realize how missionary effort is an integral part of the church's mission, as branches are a part of a tree. And we shall best show this by getting down to the roots of our faith.

Doing so, maybe we shall redeem the word "mission." Today when we read of America sending a mission to Pakistan or Thailand or Korea, it usually means a delegation of military experts to strengthen our air bases or army equipment. Fifty or a hundred years ago a mission was sent forth, as Christ said, to "make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you."

And his promise was, "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

God grant that it may be so again!

This article by Dr. Sockman is a condensation of a chapter in Christian Strategy for a Struggling World *(81) to be published this month by the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation of The Methodist Church. Copies may be obtained from the Central Promotional Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill., or through bookstores of the Methodist Publishing House.*

Cheer up, smile, help others! Here's

A Way Out for

SHUT-INS

By CATHARINE BRANDT

PAIN, loneliness, and insecurity are not easy to accept. But they are manageable—if you get the vertical slant toward daily life. Even if you are literally horizontal, ill in bed, you can still live vertically, your eyes and faith fastened on the Lord above.

Newspapers and magazines carry accounts of people who accomplish great things in their 60s and 70s. All these men and women have one thing in common—self-confidence. They refuse to give up.

Even if you are bedridden there is no reason to feel useless. One polio-paralyzed woman even creates Christmas cards by holding brush and pen in her teeth. Another shut-in, over 80, calls her pastor regularly for a list of people to pray for. Without disclosing personal problems, the minister gives her the names of those who need guidance, healing, comfort. Remember, John Milton was blind, yet he wrote *Paradise Lost*. John Bunyan, in prison, wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. Paul, also in prison, gave us, "For I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content."

The older you are, the easier it should be to find contentment—and with a smile, a word of praise, and patience, make it easy for those who care for you. It costs nothing to be agreeable. There are plenty of opportunities for shut-ins to serve. Here are some:

Letters—If you are physically able to write, there are many chances for you. Address envelopes for the church mailing list. Write notes to boys in service, to youngsters on their birthdays, to the ill or sorrowing. Your church missionaries will welcome a newsy letter about church families. One woman writes to teenagers committed to detention homes, offering friendship and a paper copy of the Gospel of John.

Telephone—Can you reach the phone? Then save time for your minister or WSCS chairman; be a telephone committee of one. By phoning, you give extra publicity to special gatherings. Remember, active people do not have time to chat, but lonely, bereaved, or other shut-ins will welcome a longer call.

Handwork—If you can use both hands, this is for you. From the good portions of old greeting cards, cut little gift cards. Buy small envelopes to fit. Paste Scripture verses over the signature on suitable greeting cards. Cut the verses from an old, large-print Bible or a religious magazine. Missionaries and church-school teachers use the finished cards as memory awards. Another variation: Cut out magazine pictures and file them by subjects in a large envelope. Teachers use these as illustrations for stories and class projects.

Knitting—Rip up old knitted garments and reknit them into usable sweaters and mittens for orphans or for a needy family.

Mending—One grandmother, too frail to go out, mended clothes for her son's family of six. Don't say she didn't help stretch his pay check! And probably you can do the same thing for some of your loved ones.

Storytelling—Even if you are confined to bed you can do a little grandchild-sitting. While Mother is busy making dinner, you can tell stories to the little ones. Again, help them make a family tree or fill a notebook with family anedcotes. You may be the only one who remembers Great-Uncle Bob's last name.

Gifts—My grandmother, on her 80th birthday, began to give away her silver, china, linen, books, and other cherished possessions. She sent something to each of her descendants on his birthday, graduation, or marriage. The warmth of her love and thoughtfulness circulated through the whole family. Another shut-in, whenever she receives a letter from a child, writes a reply at once—and tucks in a $1 bill. This practice keeps youthful mail coming her way.

The Bible—Keep your Bible open on the table beside you and ask visitors to read a few verses or a chapter. You can even help children memorize Scripture or the books of the Bible.

Yes, there is more than one way out if you are a shut-in. Don't settle for hibernation; you may still be equal to circulation. Even though poor eyesight may keep you from reading, you can still see to follow Him. You may be hard of hearing, but you can still hear His voice. You may be weak and helpless, but you can grasp the Savior's outstretched hand and share your talents with those around you.

They prayed, they walked, they talked—and

They Rang

Hands linked in friendship circle, Judy Ziegler, Jim Harding, and Phyllis Seickmeyer (left to right) pray for guidance in the day's undertaking.

Mood of youthful evangelizers is reflected in faces of Lori Harris (top), Jerry Weinman, Dick Wymore, and Barbara Cox as they listen to discussion of mission's aims.

ON THE HIGH tableland of Western Nebraska a sheer bluff rises 800 feet above rolling prairies that stretch eastward as far as the eye can see. Visitors look down on what was once the Oregon Trail and see deep wagon ruts left by prairie schooners as they went west in mass migration 117 years ago.

This great prominence on the plains is Scotts Bluff, now a National Monument. It dominates historic Mitchell Pass, and the broad, shallow twist of the North Platte River, and looks out over the town of Gering, population 3,850.

Wagon ruts and bluff are visible today because both have resisted the erosion of years. Not visible, but just as real and lasting, are the tracks and the deeds of a group of Nebraska young people who worked a week in Gering last July.

The result: 79 teen-agers pledged to Christ.

"That passed expectations—but of greater importance was the training and experience our young people received in the field of personal evangelism," declared Dr. Henry C. Beatty, pastor of Gering Methodist Church, who was host to some 50 MYF members from the Nebraska Conference.

The teens arrived on a Sunday afternoon with Bibles, bed-

1,000 Doorbells

No one is overlooked by sharp-eyed Joan Brodhead—she even uses this car's fender as a writing desk to jot down information given by a construction worker.

Not all calls are successes. Phyllis and Jim waited patiently at this sugar-beet worker's home, but there was no answer.

Attentive team members listen as Dr. Henry Beatty points out homes they are to visit. Should survey show a need, teams will return to witness.

Their heads bowed in prayer to ask for fruitful visits, John Cronn and Cleo Messersmith stand on a street corner before calling on teens in the neighborhood.

rolls and suitcases. The girls bedded down in the basement of the church. The boys bunked in the nearby educational building. They held a rally and they practiced the proper approach to be made when they told others what religion had meant to them.

What happened during the next seven days is typical of stepped-up Christian Witness Mission campaigns being conducted in communities throughout the country. But few such drives have ever been carried out with more enthusiasm and thoroughness than that of the boy-girl teams in Gering. They surveyed more than 1,000 homes, talked as witnesses for Christ to 129 persons—and they visited homes for elderly persons and talked to shut-ins.

Their objectives: to find unchurched youth, to enroll other boys and girls in the MYF, to lead young people in a commitment to Christ, and to help each to witness as a Christian. The campaign called for rising each morning at 7 o'clock, for seminars and planning sessions, and detailed discussions of motives and methods of evangelizing with the Rev. Howard Ellis of Nashville, Tenn., youth director with the General Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church.

"It must be emphasized," said the Rev. Richard W. Dinsdale, director and chairman of the conference Board of Evangelism, "that the mission made a lasting impression on the participants themselves. In telling other boys and girls what Christ has meant to them, their own faith was deepened. At the same time their influence for good may be felt in the homes of Gering for generations to come."

"See you in church," promises Jean Netherland (right) as she bids good-by to a happy Cleo and John. She again attends MYF.

Mealtime means the "3Fs"—food, fellowship, and fun. Kay Hamilton, for one, finds a joke Tom Tout has told worth a guffaw.

"All work and no play. . ." Not so here. Swimming is a favorite way to relax—as pretty Sharon Binfield (in pool) proves as she smiles up at Patty Olson.

With the temperature in the 90s, some boys (right) use free time to read, to talk, or to relax on their cots in the cool basement of their living quarters.

Would their hearts ever be in tune—this orphaned, backwoods boy and his new stepmother? Soon they both knew. Years later she would say . . .

'He Loved Me Truly'

By BERNADINE BAILEY & DOROTHY WALWORTH

THE BRIDE rode with her husband on the high front seat of the jolting wagon. She was 31 years old, and, in 1819, that was middle-aged, for most pioneer women died early. It was a December day, cold for Kentucky, and they were headed north toward forest country. "I reckon it'll be fine weather," she said, for she was the sort to make the best of things.

Yesterday Tom had arrived on horseback, all the way from his Indiana farm, at her house in Elizabethtown. He had come straight to the point: "Miss Sally, I have no wife and you no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a girl and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose. If you're willin', let it be done straight off."

That morning they had been married at the Methodist parsonage. The preacher wrote down that she, Sarah Bush Johnston, had been three years a widow and Tom's wife had died last winter. The horses and wagon Tom had borrowed waited outside. The wagon was piled high with her household goods, so that there was scarcely room for her three children. Tom had two children of his own; he hadn't told them he was bringing back a new mother. There was a shadow in Sarah's steady blue-gray eyes when she thought about that. Maybe they'd feel she didn't belong.

A raft ferried the wagon across the half-frozen Ohio River. The air sharpened; the wheels sank to their hubs in snow. After five days they came to a log cabin in a small clearing on Little Pigeon River. It had no windows, and the door was only a deerskin-covered opening. A stick chimney plastered with clay ran up the outside.

Tom hallooed and a little boy ran out of the door. He was thin as a scarecrow, and wore a ragged shirt and tattered deerskin pants. But it was the look in his eyes that went to Sarah's heart, although it was a look she couldn't put a name to. She got down from the wagon, opened her arms like a couple of wings, and folded him close.

"I reckon we'll be good friends," she said. "Howdy, Abe Lincoln."

She had never been in the wilderness before; she had known small-town comfort. This was a one-room cabin, with no real floor, only packed dirt. The bedstead was a makeshift of boards laid on sticks against the wall, with a mattress of loose cornhusks. The bedcovers were skins and castoff clothing. Ten-year-old Abe and his 12-year-old sister had always slept on piles of leaves up in the loft, to which they climbed by pegs fastened to the wall. The furniture was some three-legged stools and a table axed smooth on top, bark side under. Dennis Hanks, an 18-year-old cousin of Tom's first wife, Nancy Hanks, was living with the family and had been trying to cook with the help of a Dutch oven, one battered pot, and a couple of iron spoons. Although she must have expected a place far better than this, all Sarah said was, "Tom, fetch me a load of firewood. I aim to heat some water."

This new stepmother with the rosy face and the bright, curly hair wasted no time. As soon as the water steamed, she brought out of her own belongings a gourd full of homemade soap. Then, in front of the hot fire, she scrubbed Abe and his sister and combed their matted hair with her own clean shell comb. When the wagon was unpacked, little Abe, who had not said a word, ran his bony fingers over such wonderful things as a walnut bureau, a clothes chest, a loom, and real chairs. And that night, when he went to bed he had a feather mattress and a feather

FEBRUARY, 1959

NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

/ Together

Happy to see the New York sky line, Bishop and Mrs. Newell returned home on the Queen Elizabeth after a nine-week tour of Europe. "Mrs. Newell has distant vision," the bishop said. "At daybreak she looked out the porthole for her grandchildren."

Bishop Newell Gives Report on Russia

Religion is free in Iron Curtain countries only so long as it avoids controversial subjects, does not criticize the government, and "keeps narrowly to worship," Bishop Newell reported on his return from a nine-week tour of eleven European countries.

Bishop Newell said he recieved a cordial reception, but added that an American feels constantly that he is being observed in Iron Curtain countries. In Yugoslavia and Poland he saw "nauseating propaganda" picturing the United States as a warmongering country run by capitalist aggressors.

"At the Palace of Culture and Science in Warsaw," he continued, "there are horrible pictures of South Korea. One shows an American jeep flying the American flag while beside it a Korean boy is starving to death. Underneath the caption reads: 'This is the way America lets Koreans die.' On the other side of the corridor are pictures of North Korea showing new factories, hospitals, universities, and modern housing."

Bishop Newell referred to Finland as the last outpost of The Methodist Church in the free West.

"We have already lost Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania," he said, "at least, our Bishop Hagan is not allowed to visit there. I speak to you of Finland because our ministers and pensioners are suffering fearful privation. I shall be pleading for aid for brave Finland."

As chairman of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, Bishop Newell dedicated a youth hostel in Austria which he said represents Methodist contributions totaling $150,000. He described the refugee problem in Germany stating that East Germany is gradually being depopulated of Germans while a new generation of indoctrinated Russians is developing.

"The refugees come to our Methodist churches penniless," he declared, "for they cannot get out with anything but the clothes on their backs. Our Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief gives them fifty or 100 marks and a roof over their heads until they can start life over. In Germany where Bishop Wunderlich goes in and out of East Germany constantly, the church is a bridge of understanding between East and West."

Bishop Newell presented the report November 23, at Drew University for the Newark Conference, December 5, in Poughkeepsie for the New York Conference, and December 16, at Christ Church, New York, for the New York East Conference and New York City.

Auman Studies Merger

The Rev. Dr. Lester W. Auman of Floral Park, N. Y., a member of the co-ordinating council studying the merger of the church's three general social action boards, participated in the study made in November in Los Angeles, Calif.

UEM Adds 9,000 New Members to Methodist Rolls

Nearly 9,000 new members have been added to the rolls of 551 Methodist churches in the Newark and New York East Conferences as a result of the United Evangelistic Mission this fall.

The mission was conducted in two phases. From November 15 to 20, New York East Conference ministers occupied parishes in the Newark Conference, preaching, training callers, and conducting home visitations. From November 29, to December 4, the New Jersey men performed a similar function in the New York East Conference.

The New York East Conference reports a total of 4,057 commitments but Bishop Newell states that reports are still being received and it is expected that the total will reach 4,500. A total of 7,774 persons held 14,613 interviews with prospective members.

The Newark Conference total is 3,547 commitments so far, representing 11,501 interviews held by 6,508 callers in the four districts. in the Northern District, 1,026 members were added; Southern District, 890; Eastern District, 883; and in the Western District, 748.

In the New York East Conference, the Brooklyn North and South Districts report a total of 2,529 new commitments, the New Haven District, 1,032; and New York 496.

Robert R. Diefendorf has been elected to his 11th year as president of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn. The new Stanley H. Miner Memorial Pavilion, core of the hospital's $6,000,000 improvement program, is scheduled to be dedicated Sunday, February 22, at 3 p.m.

The cornerstone is laid for $160,000 sanctuary in Demarest, N. J., on the site where Methodists held their first service 40 years ago. Mrs. Marion Ketcham, 88, only surviving charter member, spread first mortar in presence of District Superintendent Harold N. Smith, left, and the Rev. David Follansbee, minister.

Home Nears Completion

The Bethel Home in Ossining, N. Y., is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy about June 1, Director Daniel D. Brox reports.

Dr. Brox spent four days at Friendship Haven Inc., in Fort Dodge, Iowa, inspecting the eight-year-old building and interviewing the director and department heads.

The Iowa Home derives 85 per cent of its support from room endowments, a plan similar to Bethel's Founder's program.

New Horizons

• The first call upon the Builders' Club of the Western District of the Newark Conference will be for a new church to be constructed at Edison, N. J. Members pay $10 not oftener than twice a year for new building projects.

• Extensive remodeling of the Mt. Fern, N. J., church was inspected at an open house in connection with the 75th anniversary.

• Improvements at the Richmondville,, (N. Y.) Church include rewiring and new oil furnace at the parsonage, new carpeting in the church, redecoration of church interior and Sunday-school rooms, and refinishing of floors throughout.

Raising $100,000

• Newton, N. J., is raising $100,000 for a new education building and Blairstown, N. J., has just completed a capital fund drive to reduce a $30,000 debt on the church plant.

• Bishop Newell participated in the dedication of the Eastern Parkway Church, Schenectady, December 14.

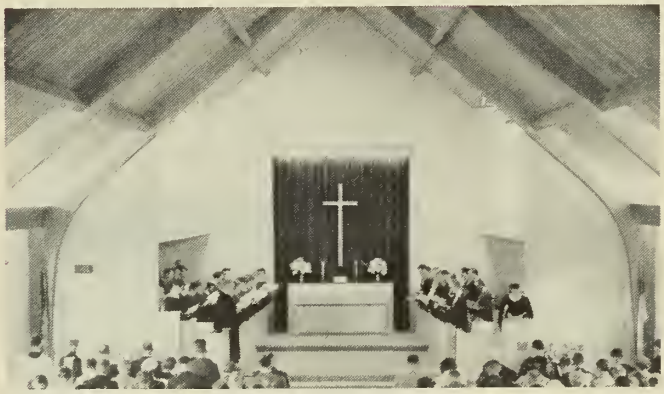
• A parsonage was left to Carpenter Memorial Church, Glen Cove, N. Y., by the last Rose Jaques Moller. It is now being occupied by the Rev. Wayne White and his family, and will soon be dedicated. The former parsonage property has been sold.

An all-night prayer vigil preceded the consecration of First Church, Plainfield, N. J. Bishop Newell and Bishop Herbert Welch participated in the service on the fourth anniversary of the fire which destroyed the old building on W. Front St.

MISSIONARY

Honored in Japan

The Welfare Ministry of Japan has cited Miss Mildred Ann Payne, Methodist missionary, for devotion to children's welfare. Miss Payne is the sister of Mrs. Clara Paine Otis of White Plains, N. Y., now residing in Japan.



Former pastors attended the opening service of the new community Methodist Church, East Meadows, N. Y. From left are Harry D. Robinson, Jr.; Robert E. Hullstrung, assistant;

Arnold C. Miller, present pastor; Dean M. Kelley; District Superintendent Kenneth B. Grady; Harry S. Crossett; and William B. Gould. At right is the interior of the church.

Signs of Exchange

The International Christian Youth Exchange, sponsored by the Youth Department of the Board of Education, is called to the attention of New York Area churches by Bishop Newell.

"In country after country on my last trip," the bishop states, "I met Methodist students from other areas and I wondered if we had any in this exchange arrangement."

Exchange travel takes place in July and the cost is $1,200 for a two-day exchange and $400 for one way. The plan is open to students who have finished their sophomore year in high school and who meet the qualifications.

Information may be obtained from the Youth Department, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn.

Wanted: Missionaries

The Methodist Church has 817 openings for missionaries in its home and overseas fields. The opportunities are available in the United States, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and 32 countries overseas.

Age limits for regular missionaries are 23 to 35; and for special-term missionaries, 21 to 28.

In Memoriam

New York East Conference. The Rev. Walter Pickering died December 4.

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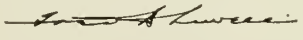
THE BISHOP WRITES

The Need for Ministers

Once more at a convocation on the Christian Ministry, I had the opportunity of meeting with some of the splendid young people of the New York Area and discussing with them the call to Christian service. We met in Hanson Place-Central Church in Brooklyn from Friday evening, November 28, through Sunday noon, December 1. There were 169 in attendance, all but two were young men, and about one-third of the enrollment were college students. At the close of the convocation, 34 young men dedicated their lives to Christian service, and most of them chose the preaching ministry.

I came to the following conclusions during the convocation: First, I realized as never before that many of the youth of the New York Area are dedicated to the achievement of a better life for all mankind and the redemption of personality. Second, while a definite tabulation is not available, it appears at first glance that to a marked degree these young people come from the same churches which provided the greater portion of our attendance at the previous convocations. This would appear to indicate that in some of our churches the opportunity to dedicate one's life to Christian service is not adequately emphasized. Third, I came away with the clear conviction that it is the duty of the bishop, the district superintendents and the ministry to find ways of reaching the hearts and minds of our youth throughout the area, and to seek the dedication of their lives to some form of Christian service.

As I write these words I am faced with unfilled pulpits in churches in many parts of the area. God grant that our churches in the months and years to come may ever be aware of this great need and may develop in our young people a compelling interest to enlist in the greatest call—the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.



New Faces Are Seen in the Area

The following is a list of appointments that have been made in the New York Area within recent weeks by Bishop Newell and his cabinet:

Troy Conference: The Rev. Warren P. Waldo to East Burke, East Haven, West Burke, and Newark; the Rev. Peter Weaver to Vergennes and West Addison; the Rev. Richard Baker to supply Mooers, Sciota, and Mooers Forks.

The Rev. Paul Dufford, Jr., to supply South Plattsburgh; the Rev. Benjamin W. Thurber to supply Derby and Morgan; Ralph G. Herrin, lay supply, to Sheldon and Rice Hill.

John S. Wenzel, lay supply, to Pittsfield, Vt.; the Rev. Clinton Fairbanks to supply Greenfield Center, Porters Corners, and South Corinth, and James A. Green to Lyndonville, Lyndon, and E. Lyndon, Vt.

New York Conference: The Rev. George I. Goodwin to Cold Spring and South Highland; Paul L. Daniell to church of Our Saviour and Memorial, Yonkers.

New York East Conference: The Rev. Courtney Johnson to Middlefield, Conn.; the Rev. Richard T. Tobey to Island Park; the Rev. Ralph E. Johnson to Grace Church, Brooklyn.

Family Readers

From time to time we shall name the churches in the area which have adopted the All-Family Plan for the circulation of TOGETHER. In the January issue we listed the 71 churches in the Newark Conference. Following are the 69 churches in the New York Conference which have recently adopted the plan: Athens; Big Indian; Blenheim Hill, Jefferson, Coeymans, Coeymans Hollow, Fleischmanns, Glasco, Arkville, Hobart, Jefferson, Lexington, and First Church, Margaretville.

Others are New Baltimore, North Blenheim, Norton Hill, Ouleout Church, Treadwell; Port Ewen, First Church, Roxbury; Shandaken, Shady, Township Church, Hobart; and Willow.

The list continues with Wittinberg, Woodstock, Central Valley, Cooks Falls, Edenville Church, Warwick; Highland Falls, Highland Mills, Horton, Hurleyville, Kenoza Lake, Kripplebush, Stone Ridge; Liberty, Middle Hope, New Milford, White Lake, Phillipsport, Ridgebury, Stone Ridge, Summittville, Walker Valley, White Sulphur Springs, Woodridge, Wurtsboro, Rock Hill; Ardsley, Bedford Hills, Summerfield, Dobbs Ferry; and St. Paul's, Hartsdale.

Also accepting the plan are St. Paul's, Irvington; Broadway Temple-Washington Heights, Calvary, Fordham, Tremont, New York City; Highland Avenue, Ossining; Pleasantville; Valhalla; Memorial, White Plains; Church of Our Saviour and First, Yonkers; First, Brewster, Drew, Carmel; Fishkill; Lake Mahopac; Sharon; Shrub Oak; South Highland, Garrison; and VanCortlandville, Peekskill.

Celebrates 99th Year

The Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Church celebrated the 99th anniversary of its sanctuary Christmas Sunday. Also at the morning service, the Rev. Edgar N. Jackson received the 99th person into the church since the start of this fiscal year.

Add Zeal to Ideals, Bishop Urges Youth

The zeal with which young Communists pursue their goals was described by Bishop Newell to 169 young persons at Hanson Place-Central Church, Brooklyn, at the worship service which closed the convocation on the Christian ministry.

"I wish you had that kind of zeal," the bishop said, "provided you have the ideals of Christ."

He reminded the congregation that a person who enters the ministry has difficult mountains to climb and, mentioned the hunger, illiteracy, disease, and fear which must be conquered in the world.

He characterized the ministry as, "the most dangerous task in the world," and told them if they decided to enter it, it must be "for keeps." He assured them that the love of God would never let them go.

Beatrice Ann Coutts was the representative of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn School of Nursing in the 1959 "Miss Methodist Student Nurse" Contest conducted by the National Association and the General Board of Hospitals and Homes.

The Circuit Writer

Two young women were among the 169 registrants at the Bishop's Convocation on the Christian ministry. John Wild, a Dumont, N. J., high-school senior, expects to be a missionary nurse, and Jeanette Reid, student at Fairleigh Dickinson College, is training as a medical technician.

Each shut-in member of Babylon, N. Y., church received a poinsettia plant as a Christmas gift from the church.

Dr. Harold A. Brack of Drew was one of ten theology school professors called to Nashville by the Television, Radio, and Film Commission for a consutation on mass communications and theological education.

Do we have gray-flannel minds? A Ridgewood, N. J., MYFer, troubled by the trend toward conformity, raised the question at a youth forum.

Twelve Old Testament scholars from the East and Midwest attended the fifth annual meeting of the Biblical Colloquium at Drew. The organization is concerned with research and publication in specialized areas of biblical scholarship.

The new vice-moderator of the United Church of Christ of Japan is the Rev. Isamu Omura, a graduate of Drew Theological Seminary.

Residents of Demarest, N. J., benefit from the Methodist Church library which is open two hours daily. The Rev. David Follansbee reports that 250 families make use of the library's 3,000 books. The church also conducts a weekly recreation canteen for 100-150 youngsters.

The Schenectady Union Star devoted a full page of pictures to the activities of the Senior Citizens Center which is housed in the former Calvary Church building. Under its Advance Program, Troy Conference provides the building, heat, light, insurance, and repairs. An appeal is being made for $10,000 in public support for this community service agency.

Methodists will be interested in the December issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine which is devoted to the theme, "Man and God." The Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman is one of the participants in a symposium entitled, "If Christ Walked the Earth Today."

Clothing will be collected January 18, and 25 at the Annual Missions Festivals being conducted in the Brooklyn North and South Districts, New York East Conference. World Service trucks will transport the material to New York City for shipment overseas. A similar drive was held in the New York District at the January 11, Missions Institute.

No one will deny that anticipation can be helpful, but Bishop Newell meant to describe it as "hopeful" in his editorial last month. He referred, to his visits to Iron Curtain countries. Also the differences which create discord are "ideological"—not "theological." The supplement editors regret the errors.

AFTER TOUR

Madame Chiang Is Guest at Bishop's Office

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek was guest of honor December 15 at a tea in Bishop Newell's office following a tour of the Board of Missions offices and other Methodist sights.

Madame Chiang accepted an invitation from the Rev. Dr. Tracey Jones and Dr. Clara French, executive secretaries for Southeast Asia and China for the Division of World Missions and the Woman's Division respectively, to visit New York's Methodist headquarters and see the office activities of the board.

Sees MCOR Headquarters

She also saw the headquarters of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

Secretaries for overseas work for the Board of Missions and Woman's Division were among the guests at the tea.

Mrs. Newell was hostess.

Bishop Newell presented Madame Chiang with a copy of the J. B. Phillips translation of the New Testament inscribed, "Presented by your Methodist Friends at 150 Fifth Avenue."

Named to Hospital Board

Two Brooklynites have been added to the membership of the Board of Managers of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn.

They are Harold M. Lewis of 1511 Albemarle Road, a consulting engineer formerly with the Borough President of Manhattan; and Eliot H. Sharp of 14 Monroe Place, editor and publisher of *Investment Dealers' Digest.*

C. Wesley Maytrott, vice-president of the Con Edison Company, was elected to the executive committee.

The elections took place at the annual meeting which paid tribute to Bishop Newell upon his return from Europe. The bishop spoke on the work of Methodist hospitals in the countries he visited.

Quite a Sound!

The Youth Fellowship of the New York East Conference is producing a new *Sound.*

Apparently named for the geographical location of many of its churches, the *Sound* is a junior-sized newspaper giving the past and future events in the conference MYF. Dick Couch of Stepney, Conn., is the editor.

Hymn Society President and Son Write Hymns

The name William W. Reid appears twice among the authors of, *Twelve New World Order Hymns,* a collection introduced at the Fifth World Order Study Conference in Cleveland.

The first choice of the judges in the Hymn Society's effort to stimulate the writing of new hymns on international justice and good will was the entry of the Rev. William W. Reid, Jr., of Carverton, Pa. It was a hymn beginning, "O God of every nation, of every race and land." The conference of 500 church leaders sang these words to open the conference.

Another hymn among the 12 selected was by William W. Reid, Sr., director of the Department of News Service of the Methodist Board of Missions and chairman of the New York Area Public Relations Operating Commission. The hymn, sung at the conference begins, "All-knowing God, whose science charts the path and purpose of each star."

The senior Mr. Reid has been lay leader of the New York East Conference and is a former president of the Hymn Society of America. His son is a graduate of Oberlin College and Yale Divinity School. He served in the Medical Corps in World War II and was a prisoner of the Germans for eight months.

Both father and son are the authors of numerous hymns and have both previously appeared among winners in similar searches for hymns on rural life, social welfare and on the ecumenical movement.

Asbury Church Sponsors Religion and Life Series

A University of Life is being sponsored in January and February by the Commission on Education at Asbury Church, Crestwood, N. Y.

Five courses are being offered each Sunday night from January 11 to February 8 on the following topics:

Growing Together in the Family, The Old Testament Heritage, Other Religions, Christianity and World Issues, and Frontiers of Prayer.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Genne of Upper Montclair, N. J., will teach the course on family life.

Rabbi Arthur A. Chiel of the Genesis Hebrew Center will teach the Old Testament course.

Religions to be studied are Islam, Shintoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Judiasm. Lecturers will be well-known leaders in each faith.

Christianity and world issues will cover South America, Asia, the Near East, Russia, and South Africa. Dr. Samuel Inman, and Drs. Nicholas Gontharoff, John Berdeau, Paul Anderson, and Lowell Atkinson will be the leaders.

Frontiers of Prayer will be taught by the Rev. Edgar N. Jackson.

pillow, and enough warm blankets.

In a couple of weeks, a body wouldn't have known the place. Sarah had what folks called "faculty"; she worked hard and she could make other people work, too—even Tom, who meant well, but was likely to let things slide. She never said he must do thus and so; she was too wise and too gentle. But somehow Tom found himself making a real door for the cabin and cutting a window, like she wanted. He put down a floor, chinked up the wide cracks between the logs, whitewashed the inside walls. Abe couldn't get over how sightly it was. And she wove Abe shirts out of homespun cloth, coloring them with dye she steeped out of roots and barks. She made him deerskin

READER'S CHOICE

This tender story of a boy's love for his stepmother and the encouragement she gave him was proposed as a *Reader's Choice* by Miss Margaret Thomas, of Kingston, Ohio, who receives $25 for being the first to suggest it. We share this with readers through permission of the authors and of *Reader's Digest*, which first published it in February, 1945.—*Eds.*

Sarah lighted from the wagon, and reached for the thin, ragged boy. "I reckon we'll be good friends," she said, tenderly. "Howdy, Abe Lincoln."

breeches that really fitted, and moccasins, and a coonskin cap. She had a mirror and she rubbed it bright and held it up so's he could see himself—it was the first time he had ever seen himself—and he said, "Land o' Goshen, is that me?"

Sometimes, in the early mornings, when Sarah laid a new fire in the ashes, she got to thinking it was queer how things come about. When Tom Lincoln had courted her, 14 years ago, she had turned him down for Daniel Johnston. Tom had been 12 years married to Nancy Hanks, who died so sudden from the "milk sick." And now, after all these years, Tom and she were together again, with his children and her children to feed and do for.

THE cabin was 18 feet square and there were eight people under its flimsy roof. Sarah was taking what was left of two households, along with the orphan boy, Dennis Hanks. Somehow she must make them into a family of folks who loved each other; she wanted them to feel like they had always been together. There was plenty of chance for trouble, what with the two sets of young'uns who had never laid eyes on each other till now, and all the stories Abe and his sister had heard folks tell about stepmothers. Those first weeks, Sarah felt mighty anxious. Especially about Abe, though he did what she said and never answered her back. Once she saw him looking at her real serious when she was putting some johnnycake into the oven. "All my life I'm goin' to like johnnycake best," he said suddenly, and then scooted through the door. You couldn't figure Abe out. As Dennis said, "There's somethin' peculiarsome about Abe."

Maybe, if it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't have lived to be a man. He had always grown so fast and never had enough to eat. But now, when he had eaten enough johnnycake and meat and potatoes that were cooked through and not just burned on top, he stopped looking so pinched and putty-colored. And he wasn't so quiet any more. Now he had some flesh on his bones, he wasn't solemn. Why, he was fuller of fun than anybody. He learned to tell yarns, like his father, but he tried them out on Sarah first, and she laughed in the right places. She stood up for him, too, when he'd laugh out loud, all of a sudden, at things nobody else could understand, and Tom thought he was being sassy. "Abe's got a right to his own jokes," Sarah said.

Sometimes Sarah thought, all to herself, that she loved Abe more than her own children. But she didn't really. It was just that she knew, deep down in her heart where she told nobody but God, that Abe was somebody special, who didn't belong to her but was hers to keep for a while.

When Abe was little, Tom hadn't minded his walking nine miles to the "blab school" where the scholars learned their letters by saying them over and over out loud. But now Abe was older and stronger, Tom didn't see why he shouldn't stay home and chop down trees and cradle wheat or hire out to the neighbors for husking corn at 30 cents a day. Of course, he felt kind of proud when the neighbors came to have Abe write their letters with the pen he had made out of a buzzard's quill and the brierroot ink. But Abe was "reachin' too fur" when he kept reading books instead of clearing swamps; Tom told Abe you didn't need to know so almighty much to get along.

If Sarah hadn't taken Abe's part against his father, Abe wouldn't have got as much schooling as he did, though goodness knows it wasn't much. He learned, as the folks said, "by littles." But through the years she held out against Tom, no matter if Tom said she was plumb crazy.

Abe would rather read than eat. He'd read in the morning, soon's it was light enough to see; he'd read in the evening, when the chores were done; he'd read when he plowed, while the horse was resting at the end of the row. He walked 17 miles to borrow books from Lawyer Pitcher at Rockport. *Aesop's Fables. Robinson Crusoe. Pilgrim's Progress.* Shakespeare. *The Statutes of Indiana.*

When his borrowed Weems' *Life of Washington* got rained on, he worked three full days to pay for it. Once he gave a man 50 cents for an old barrel and found Blackstone's *Commentaries* at the bottom of it, and you'd think he'd found a gold mine. He began reading late at night by the fire, and when Tom complained, Sarah said, "Leave the boy be." She always let him read until he quit of his own accord, and if he fell asleep there on the floor she would get a quilt and wrap it gently around him.

He did his ciphering on a board, and when the board got too black he'd plane it off and start again. If he read something he liked a lot, he'd write it down. He was always writing, and was most always out of paper. He'd put charcoal marks on a board, for a sign of what he wanted to write, and when he got paper he'd copy it all down. And he'd read it out loud to Sarah by the fire, after Tom and the rest had gone to bed. "Did I make it plain?" he always asked her. It made her real proud when he asked her about his writing, and she answered him as well as anybody could who didn't know how to read or write.

In 1830, Tom decided to look for better farm land in Illinois and the family moved to Coles County on Goose Nest Prairie. There Abe helped his father build the two-room cabin where Sarah and Tom were to spend the rest of their lives. The place was hardly built when the day came that Sarah had foreseen, the day when Abe would leave home. He was a man grown, 22 years old, and he had a chance to clerk in Denton Offut's store over in New Salem.

AT first he came back often and later on, after he got to be a lawyer, he visited Goose Nest Prairie twice a year. Every time Sarah saw him, it seemed like his mind was bigger. Other folks' minds got to a place and then stopped, but Abe's kept on growing. He told her about his law cases and, as time went on, he told her about his going to the state legislature and his marrying Mary Todd. After Tom died, in 1851, Abe saw to it that she didn't want for anything.

When she heard Abe was going to Charleston for his fourth debate with Stephen A. Douglas, she went there, too, without saying a word to Abe. It would be enough—it had always been enough—just to watch him. She was one of the crowd on the

street as the parade went by. There was a big float drawn by a yoke of oxen, carrying three men splitting rails, and a big sign, "Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter, the Ox Driver, the Giant Killer." Was that her Abe? And now here he came, riding in a shiny black carriage and tipping his tall black hat right and left. Was that her Abe? She tried to make herself small, but he saw her and made the carriage stop. Then, right in front of everybody, he got out of the carriage and came over and put his arms around her and kissed her. Yes, that was her Abe.

She wasn't the crying kind, but she cried when he was elected president. Alone, where nobody could see her. In the winter of 1861, before he went to Washington, he crossed the state to see her, coming by train and carriage in the mud and slush to say good-by. He brought her a present, a length of black alpaca for a dress; it was really too beautiful to put the scissors into; after Abe went, she'd just take it out and feel of it once in a while.

Abe looked tired and he had a lot on his mind, but they had a fine talk. When he kissed her good-by, he said he'd see her soon, but she knew somehow that she would not see him again.

Four years later, they came and told her he was dead. The newspapers wrote the longest pieces about his real mother, and that was like it should be, but some folks came and asked her what sort of boy Abe had been. And she wanted to tell them, but it was hard to find the words. "Abe was a good boy," she said. "He never gave me a cross word or look. His mind and mine, what little I had, seemed to run together." And then she added, "He loved me truly, I think."

Often, during the four years that remained to her, she would sit of an evening and think of Abe. Being a mother, she did not think about him as president, as the man about whom they sang, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong." She remembered him as a little boy. She was baking johnnycake for him; she was weaving him a shirt; she was covering him with a blanket when he had fallen asleep over his books, trying, as long as she could, to keep him safe from the cold.

God's Mysterious Way

IT'S ODD, the way God casts some of us in roles which appear to be obscure—and yet, years later, turn out to have been of vital importance in his scheme of things. Of all the men and women who come to mind whenever I ponder this, the most interesting, to me, is Jesse Head.

Did you ever hear of him? Few people have. Jesse Head was fated to live most of his life as an unknown pioneer Methodist preacher. Accounts even differ as to whether he was a circuit rider or a "located" parson. He spent much of his life bringing the gospel to frontier Kentucky. It was an uphill fight, but Head won the love and respect of his tiny flocks—and on June 12, 1806, in a raw, up-creek cabin, he crossed the path of history.

That was the day he married Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, to whom on February 12, 1809, was born a son, Abraham.

Head was an old friend of the Lincolns and the Hanks. He had migrated to Kentucky from Maryland around 1795, staking out a farm and plying his trade as a cabinetmaker. There is considerable tradition that he taught young Tom Lincoln the rudiments of the cabinetmaker's trade. A preacher as early as 1798, Head was ordained a deacon of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Francis Asbury in 1805. By the time of the wedding he also was a justice of the peace.

It was Head's custom to submit lists of those he had "joined together in the Holy Estate of Matrimony agreeable to the rules of the M.E.C." at intervals of several months. Thus it was that long after the event he sent in to the court a list of ceremonies including this notation:

"June 12, 1806, Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks."

Subsequently, Head settled in Harrodsburg, Ky., where he spent the remainder of his life, active as a town official and newspaper editor. He died March 22, 1842, never having so much as heard of Abraham Lincoln, and it wasn't until 1922 that a simple marker was placed above his grave:

"Rev. Jesse Head
Jan. 28, 1768—March 22, 1842
Preacher-Editor-Patriot
He Married June 12, 1806
Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks,
Parents of Abraham Lincoln."

To me, his life epitomizes the mysterious way in which God moves. Never did Head achieve fame. Never could he have guessed that he was playing a vital role in the history of our nation—and the world. Yet——well, without him the course of destiny would have been altered, to the sorrow of us all.

—HARRY CLAXTON

Unusual Methodists

FAIRWAYS CHAMP: Carole Pushing practiced less, but played her best golf.

LADY OF THE LINKS. Sports writers have hailed Carole Pushing, who hails from Olivia, Minn., as the most exciting woman golfer to emerge from the Minnesota golf scene since Patty Berg in the early 30s. Carole's artistry on the links won her the Women's National Collegiate Championship in Ames, Iowa, last June and the Minnesota State Women's Open title at Minneapolis, where she defeated the defending champion. Her one major defeat came in the United States Golf Association Women's National Amateur Championship.

It was only eight years ago that Carole became serious about golf; she won her first tournament at 13. Her mother shoots in the 90s. Doubtless, friends say, her golfing skill has been a strong influence on Carole's life—yet, they add, the young champion is a naturally gifted sportswoman. Last spring she was runner-up in the Carleton College tennis meet; she is as much at home on water skis as on the golf course, and she finds fishing "the finest form of relaxation." Carole studies music at Carleton College, where she is a sophomore, plays cornet, and sings in the college chapel choir. After college she plans to teach either music or mathematics. The sportswoman-student is a member of the Olivia Methodist Church, where she is a member of MYF and once served as church organist for four years. She can poke fun at her own hobbies, too. One observation: "Golf sometimes doesn't make sense."

VERSATILE VIRTUOSO. Ever since he was 11, Arthur Fennimore, Jr., now 16, has been winning musical honors. Now a scholarship holder at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute and a pupil of world-famous Rudolf Serkin for the last two years, Arthur has appeared as guest soloist with several outstanding musical groups, including the Marlboro, Vt., symphony orchestra. He admits he was "pretty scared" when he entered the recent Merriweather Post Contest for teen-age musicians in Washington, D.C.—but not too scared to win second prize, $500. He also won acclaim from Washington music critics for his performance, in which he was accompanied by the National Symphony Orchestra. Although a musician first of all, Arthur is a sports enthusiast, too. Basketball, swimming, and, of course, baseball top his list. And at home in Berwyn, Pa., Arthur is a busy Methodist, serving as organist and MYF president at Berwyn Methodist Church. Of all his honors and awards, he holds a special niche in his heart for this one: An inscribed gold watch, presented to him by the congregation in appreciation of his services to the church and the world of music.

PROMISING PUPIL: Arthur Fennimore. To teacher, Rudolf Serkin, a bow.

SECOND CENTURY: W. E. Warnes, at 102, is rebaptized by Dr. C. W. Tompkins.

PASTORAL PATRIARCH. More than 100 years after his first baptism in a Methodist chapel in England, 102-year-old W. E. Warnes was rebaptized for a second century of consecration to the Lord. And his example may be followed by others among his 98-member family of 5 children, 16 grandchildren, 41 great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren, plus their husbands and wives. Long life seems to be a Warnes characteristic; there have been no deaths in the family for the past 68 years. Mr. Warnes and his wife, 93, now live in Friendship Haven, a Methodist home for retired people in Fort Dodge, Iowa. The day before his 102nd birthday there last April, Mr. Warnes gave the Good Friday address—"the finest we ever had," declared the home's director. But effective witnessing is characteristic of Mr. Warnes. As a railroad employee, his Christian character was such that no one ever swore in his office. Long an active church layman in Eagle Grove, Iowa, he also was a licensed local preacher for 50 years and taught a women's Bible class for 40. Still active as Iowa's oldest Mason, he's a favorite at parties. He plays "the bones"—beef bones tapped together as rhythmic accompaniment to music.

SHADES OF SHERLOCK. A long line of mysteries on the bookshelves at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gordon of Sherman Oaks, Calif., carries one simple byline: "The Gordons." For Mr. and Mrs. Gordon—both onetime reporters and editors—collaborate on suspense tales which so far have sold over 4 million copies. Their day starts with a "board of directors meeting," where they plot chapters and discuss characters. They then go off to separate studies to write. Mrs. Gordon does the episodes in which women predominate; Mr. Gordon, those featuring men. Later they edit each other's copy—and they do it so expertly that some of their stories have been bought by Hollywood. Active Methodists, both are members of Sherman Oaks Methodist Church's Christian Social Relations Commission and Mr. Gordon is in charge of the church's publicity. How did they come to start out on a career as writers of mystery thrillers? Well, Mr. Gordon then was an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—and his wife grew tired of his irregular hours.

THRILLERS: For Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gordon, a new plot.

Biblical dramas such as this are no video novelty. The big question: How much do they accomplish?

Is Religion on TV a Flop?

IT IS! ***Says:*** **Paul Molloy**
TV and Radio Columnist, Chicago Sun-Times

THE TIME HAS COME to take a deep breath and wade into a problem which is approached with fear by those it concerns most: televised religion.

With few exceptions, religious programs are poorly produced, poorly promoted, and poorly presented. The people who make religion their life's work are neither trained nor equipped for the exacting demands of television, which frequently challenge the keenest minds in show business.

A religious film turned out for a Sunday night church-hall audience will be well received. Its audience has made the physical effort of leaving home to seek dramatized inspiration. The reception of such a project on TV is quite another thing, for religion, after all, is not a course in conduct but a way of life. The way these programs are bunched, back-to-back, amid the Sunday forenoon, one is led to think that religion is a once-weekly duty—like going to market. Whom do they reach?

Most people go to church Sunday morning, hence religion is in the ludicrous position of competing with itself on TV. Most of those who are not interested in religion are—let's face it—sleeping on Sunday morning. This leaves a pitiful minority. Except for religiously inclined shut-ins for whom such programs are likely a godsend, this minority is divided up into (1) those who think religion is for the birds, and we can forget about them, and (2) those who watch because they have nothing else to do.

Religion and television both have a tremendous influence on the lives of most of us. It would seem that somewhere along the line there could be a productive meeting of minds. The audience appeal of a Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, a Billy Graham, or Methodism's own Ralph W. Sockman or Charles R. Goff certainly should serve as some sort of cue.

As of now, religion on TV is slotted as a filler!

PROGRAMS PLANNED WITH CARE

Says: Ed Stanley

Vice President in Charge of Educational and Religious Programing, NBC

PAUL MOLLOY's advice to breathe deeply before wading into the problem of religious hroadcasting is the kind of sound counsel that should give pause to a circumspect angel. The problem is diffuse and there is more than one school of thought. Our network experience at NBC is concerned with only one aspect, of course, and we could not claim to have any definitive answer. Still, now that I have left the company of angels, perhaps I should get my feet wet.

When we started *Frontiers of Faith* several years ago, our thought was to reproduce a worship service. We did this for a while and the novelty of television probably sustained us in our folly. When our breathing was normal again, we concluded that it did not make very good sense for us to simulate a worship service best done in churches. Through long and widely diverse experimentation, sometimes harrowing, we have arrived at the conclusion that, save for a few special occasions, this is exactly what we should not be doing.

We hope that we send people to church as a result, but we are not trying to produce a suhstitute for Sunday-morning sleepers. Each program now is planned with great care and concern, in close co-operation with the faith groups, and seeks not only to enlarge and extend the spiritual experience of every viewer, but also to stimulate those religious concerns which lie in the heart of every man. This is a tall order. We recognize, however, that the great artistic and cultural traditions of mankind are founded in religious experience, and we believe that anything we can do within this framework which adds to the aesthetic experience of our viewers deepens also their interest in religion.

We do not forget that we are working in a mass medium. Yet this alone can never be the primary consideration of religious broadcasting. A religious group cannot, in our view, lower its standards to attract a larger share of the audience without courting disaster. Ideas have to come first, but we do not short-sheet *Frontiers*. NBC assigns to it creative production and technical people who are at other times responsihle for some of the network's outstanding commercial programs.

We must remember that television reaches a general audience and programs must be designed to be useful to the generality, not a closed-circuit within a particular denomination. This does not mean that the content must be watered down or made innocuous, because if it is the program is a failure in every respect.

There is a school of thought, which Mr. Molloy appears to share. It holds that preaching is a suitable technique for religious broadcasting on television. I am not convinced this is so. Preaching was developed for the pulpit. The transfer to television—for a mass audience in total to be sure, but for a single viewer in essence—does not seem to me to have been successful so far. It deserves study; perhaps it will be one day.

The most heartening prospect for religious broadcasting seems to me to be the many seminars and workshops being developed. Broadcasters can supply professional production, but in the end we must depend on the religious community for concept and content. The greater the knowledge of the medium, the happier the results are likely to be.

CHURCH TV MONEY IS PEANUTS

Says: S. Franklin Mack

Executive Director, Broadcasting and Film Commission, National Council of the Churches of Christ

THERE ISN'T a major Protestant communion today that isn't lifting itself by its bootstraps, trying to find the right kind of religious programing for TV and radio. Take TRAFCO, the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission; I doubt that as much creative effort, resourcefulness, and downright hard work has gone into anything else in The Methodist Church in the last decade as into the Methodist Television Ministry. Out of it came *The Way*, an outstanding experimental series for TV, put on the air by the National Council of Churches (and not allowed to be shown before 1 P.M. on Sundays). And currently there is *Talk Back*, a series which requires the local community to come up with a live local panel to meet the challenge of the 13-minute filmed portion. Worth mentioning also are the experiments being readied by National Council constituents in the area of children's TV programs.

Admittedly, the money the churches have put into religious programing so far is peanuts in comparison with the cost of any of the big shows on TV. But one thing the churches have learned is that "televised religion," as Mr. Molloy calls it, is indeed something to baffle the keenest minds.

To whom should the churches be speaking on TV? Those who are already convinced Christians? If so, to do what (i.e., that isn't being done already by other, more direct means)?

Suppose we become convinced that TV's greatest potential usefulness for religion is to reach the millions outside the churches, including those only nominally churched. How do you do this, and in what relationship to the churches in local communities? And how much church support can he counted on for programs designed to speak the language of the unchurched while not "sounding religious"?

After consulting with the National Council's Bureau

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

• *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

I Want to Live: Adult (+)

Based on accounts of the trial and execution of Barbara Graham, this film will attract the curiously sadistic who want to watch a woman in her death and others who want to see the sordid story of her vice-filled life. But this film is notable for its powerful attack on capital punishment. Susan Hayward is great as Barbara Graham—and the entire production matches her performance with a documentary realism.

Horse's Mouth: Adult (—)

A Joyce Cary novel is the basis of this Alec Guinness film, which delves into the strange, unreal world of artistic madness. Guinness, a blackmailer, thief, and generally improvident tramp, has an insatiable desire to cover all blank walls with intricate murals. He even spends days painting the wall of an abandoned church, only to bulldoze it to rubble 15 minutes after his masterpiece is finished. Another outstanding characterization by one of the best.

Last Hurrah: Adult (+)

Spencer Tracy is the long-time mayor of an aristocratic city controlled by a large Irish population. He keeps his power by cynical, paternalistic politics. But his opposition is not blameless. The ethical problems raised are at the root of our misgovernment today.

Big Country: Adult (—)

Taut, powerful, brutal Western. Two cattle barons fight for water rights owned by Jean Simmons. Gregory Peck, Eastern dude, who has come West to marry Carol Baker, daughter of one of the men, falls in love with Jean instead —and fights his way to victory.

Home Before Dark: Adult (+) Youth (+)

With one in 15 Americans mentally ill, this story of a woman's fight for her sanity is an outstanding contribution to publicizing the problem. Jean Simmons suspected her husband, Dan O'Herlihy, of having an affair with her stepsister, Rhonda Fleming, but rather than face this fact she escaped into violent delusions. A year in a mental institution has brought her back sufficiently to return home, where she finds her stepsister and stepmother still on hand and all her old suspicions even more justified by the increased affection of Dan for Rhonda.

Roots of Heaven: Adult (—)

From a novel by Romain Gary and a huge expedition to Africa, we get a strange mixture of realistic photography and fuzzy characterizations. Trevor Howard is trying to save the elephant from extinction. Since he gets no help from the authorities, he assembles a small band consisting of Eddie Albert, a free-lance photographer, Errol Flynn, an alcoholic British ex-officer, and Juliette Greco, a pathetic ex-prostitute, to defend the herd against the ivory hunters. Men are killed but no elephants—at least on the screen.

Mardi Gras: Adult (+) Youth (+) Children (+)

Pat Boone, Christine Carere, Tommy Sands, Sheree North, Richard Sargent, and Gary Crosby, plus the Virginia Military Institute cadets, make this a tuneful, easy-to-take film of young people in love. Without his knowledge, Pat's name is entered in a raffle, begun by Gary, for a date with the French movie star, Christine. He wins. At the New Orleans Mardi Gras he meets a masked girl, Christine, and without knowing who she is falls in love with her.

Party Girl: Adult (—)

Pulp-magazine crime describes this gangster melodrama. Robert Taylor is a lawyer for Lee J. Cobb, boss of underworld vice in Chicago 20 years ago. Cyd Charisse, chorus girl in a dive, picks up extra cash by attending backroom parties. At one of these she catches Robert's eye—and when she gets into serious trouble with a homicidal maniac in Cobb's mob, Robert sees how wrong he has been. He decides to go straight—and then his troubles start.

of Research and Survey, and with four top authorities in communications research, the Research Committee of NCC's Broadcasting and Film Commission found it necessary to ask the National Council's General Board to appoint a top-level commission to grapple with this problem. A 35-member Study Commission on the Role of Radio, Television, and Films in Religion was appointed.

Meanwhile, two major networks are co-operating with the National Council in live programing that has won awards and commendation from TV critics. They are *Look Up and Live* on CBS and *Frontiers of Faith* on NBC. Both are programed in a three-faith relationship, another important dimension that needs to be taken into consideration.

What constitutes optimum scheduling of religious programs ranks high among major problems. Our current objective is to demonstrate that we can consistently produce interesting programs worthy of a time when more sets are in use.

Perhaps the biggest job ahead of the American public—not just the churches—is to persuade broadcasting stations that it is to their advantage to be concerned about the "self-image" they project on the community. Those that are so concerned will certainly be less likely to let anybody put on audience-killing programs.

Program staffs, when properly approached, have been known to help build better religious programs. In this connection, I feel that it is high time stations were encouraged to take pride in being known for putting the good of the community alongside the basic necessity of making a profit.

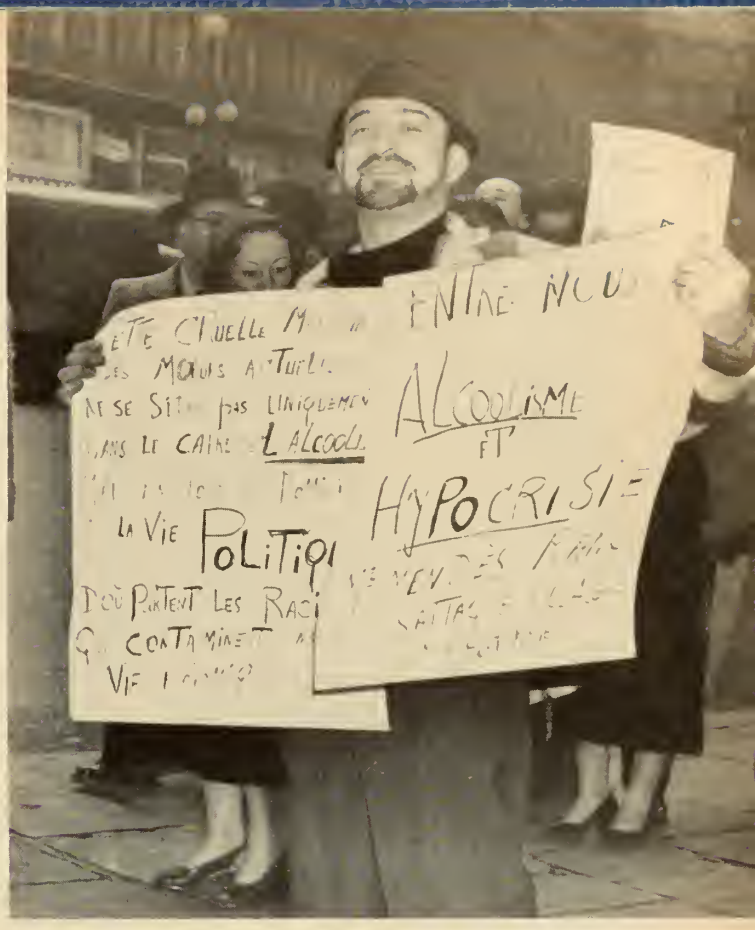
Certainly the Church must continue its search for communicative, credible, and provocative personalities. But I doubt that a single authoritative TV spokesman for Protestantism can be considered consistent with our Protestant heritage.

Anything that may be done in the way of top-quality religious broadcasting on Class A time will have little success by itself. It can't be expected to produce significant results until the churches locally recognize such broadcasting as the sowing of seed and are prepared to follow through with comparable programs of cultivation.

Alcoholism is becoming

Another Headache for France

By ROUL TUNLEY



When then-Premier Mendes-France urged Frenchmen to drink milk instead of wine, this curbstone propagandist ridiculed the idea.

THE World Health Organization, a few short years ago, reported that France had Europe's biggest alcoholism problem. Some people were surprised; after all, wasn't drinking no more than a gracious French custom? Others, however, were shocked —among them a thoughtful, crusading minority of Frenchmen. Immediately they launched a fresh, intensive antialcoholism campaign.

More recently, viewing France's current troubles, I wondered about her national burden of alcoholism. How successful had the campaign against drinking been? What problems still remain to be overcome?

To find the answers, I spent several weeks in France, interviewing doctors, educators, politicians, and dozens of others. Most of them felt progress could be best described as: "Some, but not much!"

Behind their answer, moreover, it was clear that France's struggle also contains a timely lesson for our nation and all others now facing that apparently necessary evil of democracy—the entrenched lobby. France's powerful alcohol lobby stands ready to toss a monkey wrench into any attempt to limit the nation's consumption of alcoholic beverages. But its opposition now must be directed at a government which, stabilized by a new constitution and a stronger president, cannot fall so easily.

When it first became known that France had what might be called a national hang-over, people everywhere shook their heads in disbelief. Few tourists ever had seen a Frenchman drunk. Everybody said the French people knew *how* to drink.

The fact is, those fighting the uphill battle against alcoholism in France have come to the conclusion that the out-and-out drunk is something of a blessing. At least his problem is on the table for all to see, and often something can be done.

In France, however, the problem is subtler and more serious. Frenchmen rarely drink to the point of passing out, or even staggering. Theirs is a hidden drunkenness—but they drink to excess all the same.

Starting from early childhood, youngsters are given wine to drink. Many babies have their morning soup laced with applejack. Bit by bit, they build up a tolerance to alcohol. As teen-agers, it is not unusual for them to drink as much as a quart of *vin ordinaire* (inexpensive table wine) a day. As adults, their intake is apt to be much more, often five or six liters a day, especially among the working class. The result is that by daily wine drinking, France now consumes the alcoholic equivalent of a fifth of whiskey every three days for each man, woman, and child.

Although the drinking habit is built up gradually over the years, and is not so noticeable or publicly offensive, the physical and financial toll is overwhelming. France has the highest incidence of liver trouble in the world and it has been estimated that 15 per cent of her males live in a perpetual state of "alcoholic impregnation." Alcoholism costs the French government an estimated $2.27 billion a year in hospital treatments, jail sentences, traffic accidents, and man-hours lost to work. This would build 500,000 new houses each year.

But why do Frenchmen drink so much? The obvious answer, often given, is frustration—over poor housing, wages that have not kept pace with rising costs, and bad working conditions. Statistics would seem to bear this out.

Nevertheless, this answer is inaccurate. Despite frustrating living conditions, the French manage to be among the least frustrated people on earth. Tranquilizing pills are rarely needed and nervous breakdowns are

almost nonexistent. Psychoanalysts are apt to have a thin time of it.

The real answer, most observers feel, is threefold:

1) French wines are the best in the world.

2) Alcoholic beverages, due to an unequal tax setup largely arranged by the alcohol lobby, are cheaper than soft drinks, fruit juices, or even milk.

3) Most important of all, the French are victims of the greatest wine-drinking propaganda in the world.

From birth, men and women are told that they are missing a lot if they don't drink. We all know the clichés: "A meal without wine is like a day without sunshine"; "A glass of wine aids the digestion"; and "A liter of wine provides as much energy as [this or that food]." Or, patriotically, "Wine is the source of France's wealth." Even tourists are urged to drink wine: "The water isn't safe."

None of these claims is true. Wine doesn't aid the digestion and it doesn't provide much food value. It certainly does not account for a large part of France's wealth (wine amounts to only about 6 per cent of the country's total recent exports). Drinking water in France is just as safe as in the U.S.

But how could the average Frenchman know these things? Until recently, there was little opportunity for anyone in France to hear anything but one side of the story—the wine merchant's. Now, however, thanks largely to a revitalized National Committee for Defense Against Alcoholism, many Frenchmen have been startled to learn that wine is not mankind's greatest boon. Some even have been surprised to find that wine contains alcohol—some 13 per cent, in fact—and that alcohol is a poison.

I have prayed to God that he would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse on the brewer.

—MARTIN LUTHER

The National Committee has been in existence for a number of years, but until recently it had made little progress. The basic reason was that its position was too extreme. Finally it received a thorough shake-up and became the spark plug of the anti-alcoholism campaign. Young, dynamic leaders took charge and strategy was overhauled to emphasize moderation, rather than prohibition. Members conceded that a glass or two of wine a day was all right for an adult as long as he drank no more. They also conceded that French wine was wonderful. It was abuse of that wine which was wrong.

Immediately, progress began to show. One of the most dramatic examples was the help provided by Pierre Mendes-France, then prime minister, who started a milk-drinking campaign and urged stricter regulation of French liquor traffic. However, he was so sucessful that he incurred the displeasure of the all-powerful liquor lobby. It is generally conceded that, although the premier's government supposedly fell because of the Algerian and other issues, the underlying reason was opposition by the alcohol bloc.

To understand how strong this bloc is politically, it is necessary to know how embracing the wine and liquor industry is. According to one estimate, one out of every five persons in France is engaged in the production, sale, or distribution of alcoholic beverages. Furthermore, vineyard owners and other producers of alcohol are powerful enough to wring a subsidy of some $5 billion from the government each year. So it is not surprising that the alcohol lobby can deliver a large bloc of votes to friendly politicians, or even threaten a government.

Despite such impressive opposition, the fight against alcoholism has managed to gather momentum. The National Committee can point to these evidences of progress:

1) A growing awareness among industrialists, insurance companies, and some labor unions that high consumption of alcoholic beverages is against their best interests.

2) A strong anti-wine drinking campaign is being waged in schools. Teachers are allowed to search lunch boxes of pupils under 14 to see that they carry no wine.

3) The Committee is successfully emphasizing sports, including sponsorship of an annual national competition which recently attracted 312,000 students, as a means of making participants aware of the effect alcohol has on one's reflexes.

4) A successful French version of Alcoholics Anonymous has been launched.

5) Milk bars are appearing in Paris and other large cities.

6) An increasing number of posters display such slogans as, "One can ruin his health by alcohol without ever being drunk."

7) A few large wine producers, perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall, are starting to produce fruit juices. Consumption of fruit juices and soft drinks has risen to 500 million bottles—a new high.

Certainly it is safe to say that the antialcoholism drive has sown seeds of thought about wine where none existed before. Millions of Frenchmen, especially among the lower classes where the problem is most acute, no longer accept as gospel the alcohol group's contention that wine is a normal part of one's diet.

Even as an impartial observer, I was sure of one thing: the problem is getting wide publicity both in and out of France. It is being talked about where it was never talked about before—notably in parliament. A while back the minister of public health, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies, spoke out against the wine and liquor industry.

"There are many kinds of murderers," he said. "Those who kill a man in the street are in danger of the guillotine. The distillers escape this risk, but they have our contempt all the same, and will also have the punishment of God."

He was applauded for his words. But no one who heard him, least of all the Committee Against Alcoholism, is underestimating the strength of the relatively silent, but powerful, liquor lobby. Most students of the problem feel that dramatic progress will come only when other big blocs —labor unions, insurance combines, big employers—are fully aroused to the danger and fight it.

Meanwhile, an alert Committee and its crusading supporters, working on a limited budget and against big odds, are doing their best to keep the matter before the public eye. It will not be their fault if France defaults to alcoholism by ignorance.

BOLIVIA—A Land of Decision

THIS MONTH a touch of green is coming to a bleak, treeless, 13,000-foot plateau called the *Altiplano*—one of the highest inhabited areas of the world. It is summer now in Bolivia, but for most of the year this is a bitter, wind-swept land where time stands still for more than a million Aymara Indians, descendants of the proud Incas.

The *Altiplano* stretches between two mighty arms of the towering Andes in western Bolivia. To the east the land falls away through fertile valleys into steaming rivers and fever-infested jungles. The Quechua Indians live in the valleys, and other small groups are dispersed in the jungles.

From the muggy heat of tropical lowlands to the cold, thin air of the highlands, decisions are being made which will influence the lives of Bolivians for years to come. This is

Market day on the Altiplano: *for the small boy a priceless bit of American "candy-on-a-stick"*

Hat styles may change from town to town, but shawls and ponchos are everywhere at this altitude.

To a warmer clime the Andes tumble down through fertile valleys.

Wonder beast of the highlands: the hardy llama is a source of meat, milk, hides, and wool.

Indian tin miner: out of peonage comes hope for a new life.

BOLIVIA (continued)

one of the four "Lands of Decision" brought into focus in 1956 by the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church. (The others: Korea, Sarawak in Borneo, and the Belgian Congo.) Here the Church is bringing spiritual, educational, agricultural, and technical forces to help Bolivians help themselves.

Not since the Spanish destroyed the Inca civilization four centuries ago has Bolivia offered such opportunities for Christian effort. Few countries in the world are changing as rapidly. And roots put down by Methodism over a period of 50 years place it in a strategic position to help Bolivia develop into a progressive, Christian land.

But problems are many, the future both perilous and promising. Child of conquest and greed, landlocked in the heart of South America, virtually without roads, it is a country long prostrated by poverty, illiteracy, and disease. Communism is a constant threat. More than once Bolivia has

Sailing along at 12,500 feet: for centuries the reed boats of Aymara fishermen have plied Lake Titicaca.

BOLIVIA (continued)

been compared to a "beggar sitting in a chair of gold," because it is rich enough in undeveloped mineral and agricultural resources to support an estimated population of 50 millions. Yet only about three and a half million persons live there today.

Until 1906, the Roman Catholic Church was the only church permitted in Bolivia. Protestantism was barred on the penalty of death. When a measure of religious freedom was granted, the first official Methodist missionary fought his way across the snowy Andean passes to work with the downtrodden and indifferent Aymaras on the *Altiplano*. Since then Methodism's American Institutes at La Paz and Cochabamba, Bolivia's two largest cities, have turned out thousands of pupils. Graduates are today's business, professional and political leaders—including the Bolivian president, Hernán Siles Zuazo.

From the beginning the main emphasis of the Methodist Church has been educational and social. In 1930, a hospital was started at La Paz under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Beck. Around 8,000 Bolivians are treated there every year. A score of primary and secondary schools have opened near Lake Titicaca, highest navigable body of water in the world.

But change comes slowly to the Aymara Indians. Many are addicted to the coca leaf which, when chewed with ash or lime, forms cocaine. The drug relieves hunger, from which many of the people suffer, and helps them endure both severe cold and fatigue in the thin air.

Efforts to settle the Indians on bet-

The Aymara are a taciturn, stoic people—but a mother's face softens as a nurse cares for her child at Methodist-sponsored Pfeiffer Memorial Hospital in La Paz, started in 1930.

Pupils in an elementary-grade section of Methodism's American Institute at La Paz, the largest and best equipped such school in Bolivia, stage a colorful folk dance for visitors. But hundreds who would enroll must be denied.

Bolivian boys play volleyball in front of the American Institute at Cochabamba, the country's second largest city. This school was founded in 1912.

This little red school bus picks up students throughout Cochabamba and the surrounding countryside and delivers them to the schoolhouse on the hill.

The Institute has around 155 neighborhood children from needy families in kindergarten and primary classes. For them both instruction and daily meals are free of charge.

Education will help these Aymara students find a proud birthright, lost somewhere in time.

A cold wind blows on the Altiplano *most of the time, but to the east in Trinidad it is warm and classes are held outdoors.*

The Japanese farmer is one of 500 immigrants from Okinawa. Our missionaries help them become better farmers.

BOLIVIA (continued)

ter land at lower elevations have not always proved successful. But one group recently did make the change with amazing results. The addicts stopped chewing the harmful leaf and gained weight on a better diet. Dispositions changed from sullen indifference to smiling co-operation.

When a revolution brought nationalization of the tin mines and agrarian reforms, the change was so sudden that the people were unprepared to take advantage of it. To help, the Church is putting added emphasis on its program of education and social welfare. At the same time it is recognizing the great spiritual needs of a people who are slowly emerging from primitiveness. Church membership has increased recently

On the Altiplano, *where little grows except potatoes and small grain, oxen pull a primitive wooden plow.*

BOLIVIA (continued)
from a scant 500 Methodists to more than 1,000.

Today, Methodist work is no longer limited to the *Altiplano*. Says Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of South America:

"Now is the time to go down to the plains, to the jungles, to the midst of new and throbbing communities, whose hope of salvation lies in the future, so that we may show them the way to victory over ignorance and chaos in which they are involved and all but lost."

Symbol of progress: a Methodist missionary on the plateau shows a farmer how to use his new steel plow.

A modern mother rebels at casualness and adapts Little Lord Fauntleroy's manners for her boys.

'Just Lean on Me, Grandpa'

A Together in the Home *feature*

By DOROTHY VAN ARK

DURING the pre-Christmas rush, I worked in a book department. I still remember the day I walked over to help a pretty, gray-haired woman looking through the juvenile books.

"Do you have *Little Lord Fauntleroy?*" she asked. "I've been looking all over town."

"I'm sorry," I told her. "We haven't carried that book for a long time. It's so dated, you know."

She nodded wistfully. "Yes," she said, "I suppose it is, but I think children today could use some of that old-fashioned thoughtfulness and graciousness. I wanted to give it to my grandson."

As I watched her leave I smiled to myself. With two lively sons at home,

one six, the other eight, I knew there'd be no selling *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to the rough-and-tumble little boys of today. Even back when I was growing up, the book was considered a period piece. I remember laughing about the perfectly behaved little character who was famous for saying, "Just lean on me, Grandpa," and called his mother "Dearest."

THAT night when I got home, feet and head both aching, I certainly didn't feel much like "Dearest." And my two boys didn't even glance away from the TV as they tossed me a "Hi, Mom."

Looking at them sprawled carelessly on the floor, I suddenly felt that maybe that grandmother had something. My sons could certainly use some of the Little Lord Fauntleroy influence.

My campaign to get it across began next day. My aunt, who lives next door, is getting along in years and moves unsteadily. I don't like to make it obvious that I'm constantly holding her arm, but it occurred to me that my eight-year-old could do it—not just for her sake but because it was something he should do. I made it clear to him. "Whenever she's in the car and I stop, you're to get right out, open the door, and help her."

At first he followed my directions so energetically he nearly knocked her over. But since then, helping her has become a habit without any prompting from me. He does it gently, with a certain pride.

I never watch him steadying her as she slowly climbs her front steps without a catch in my throat. I guess it's because I don't see only the small boy; I also see the man he's to become—a man, I hope, who will have a special quality of consideration and tenderness that a woman can't explain but can never resist. There is something to that "just lean on me" picture that is terribly important in the training of a boy.

And what about calling me "Dearest"? I'll admit that'd be going too far. But there's an important point here, too. I found it out not long ago when we had friends visiting us. They had a handsome 14-year-old boy and in no time our daughter, then 13, developed a crush on him.

One day, though, a sudden rainstorm changed our plans to take the two of them to an amusement park. The boy turned on his mother in a fury.

"You said we'd go," he snapped. "You broke a promise. I think you're terrible. Just because of a little rain!"

His mother looked at me apologetically. "You know how explosive they are at this age," she said in a small voice. "A mother just has to take it."

After they had gone, my daughter mentioned the outburst only once. "You know, a boy who talks that way to his mother will yell at his wife," she said. "I'm sorry I heard him. I'll never feel the same about him again."

From then on, every time one of my boys has talked back to me I've remembered what she said. And each time I tell myself firmly, if I take this now, someday his wife may have to take it. So I put my hands on his shoulders, spin him around so he has to look at me, and tell him:

"You are not to talk to me that way. I am your mother, I am a woman, and you are to respect me!"

That isn't exactly calling me "Dearest," but it amounts to the same thing. And it's building a foundation for the relationship my son will someday have with his wife. Realizing that the success of his marriage and his whole future happiness can depend on the respect he has for his mother right now, I know that the grandmother in the book department was right! It *is* terribly important.

Once conscious of the Fauntleroy attitude, I found many little ways to encourage it. I was not working for manners—every mother is expected to teach her sons those—but the little extra courtesies that add up to "manner," a word and a concept that are fading from our generation.

Of course, this concept has to be translated into today's terms. Take the old-fashioned custom of a child's bowing or curtsying when meeting an adult. Ridiculous, of course, in this day and age. But I noticed that when my boys met grownups they were too casual, or they mumbled "how do you do?" while their eyes slid shyly away. So I made just one rule.

"Your first and last impressions on people are most important," I told them. "I don't care how brief it is, but when you greet an adult, or say good-by, you're to look straight at him."

It sounds like a superficial rule, and it is, but it is helping make the boys seem at ease until they grow up enough to be at ease. And I hope by that time it will also have helped them become sincerely gracious.

Project Little Lord Fauntleroy is not a one-woman campaign by any means. The boys are lucky in having a father from whom they can learn the spirit as well as the deed of graciousness.

For instance, my husband believes in sending flowers to ladies—even to ladies other than his wife—and this is something I encourage. He entertains groups of schoolteachers in many towns in the course of his business. And for a long time he has made it a practice to see that each one has a corsage to wear to these parties.

Just last week our daughter had her first small part in a real adult play at the community playhouse. It created quite a stir backstage when flowers arrived for her with a card signed by the three men in her life —"Daddy, Dexter, and Mark."

AND it's a result of mutual parental effort when one of our sons, following his dad's practice of complimenting a lady after she's made an effort to look particularly nice, says, "Golly, Mom, are you going out? You look nice!" For then I reply, "Golly, Son, thanks. I love to hear you say so!" This, I hope, will encourage him to keep on complimenting me, and his sister, and in the future, his girl.

If their father and I can succeed in making concern for others a natural part of our boys' personalities, I don't think we'll ever have to worry about divorces in their future. And they'll be helped equally in whatever businesses or professions they follow.

James Barrie summed it up. He was speaking of charm in a woman, but it applies just as much to "manner" in a man:

"If you have it, you don't need anything else. And if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Teen-agers seek—and respect—Dr. Barbour's expert counseling.

Q *I'm a freshman in high school. My counselor has warned me not to be a square. She says I should do what the other kids do even though I think they are wrong. Must I?—L.M.*

A No. Your counselor means well, but you must make your own decisions. Don't do anything which seems wrong to you.

Q *If a boy isn't an athlete he isn't anything. I've been dating a girl. Last night she stood me up and went out with a football player. I get good grades and I have brains. That athlete is dumb. Why should he rate higher than I do?—A.G.*

A Probably it isn't fair, but in high school athletes usually outrate nonathletes. Is there any sport in which you could excel? Or might you be elected to a student-body office? After graduation you'll find the really dumb athletes fade out of the scene. Among adults brains are more respected than brawn.

Q *I'm a girl of 15. The boys I've dated have wanted to be too physical. Does a girl have to be a wrestler to be popular?—V.C.*

A No. Try to be a good companion in other ways. Try to be attractive. You'll find boys who understand and respect you. Every school has popular girls who aren't "wrestlers."

Q *Teen-agers lack protection. I'm a boy of 15. Yesterday I went home with a girl, 14, after school. Her father met us, swore at us, and ordered me out of the house. He said she's too young to see any boy. What can we do?—R.H.*

A Do other nice girls of 14 in your neighborhood have boy friends? Could she persuade her father to talk with their parents? In some neighborhoods dates at 14 are approved, in others they aren't. Unless her father changes his opinion you should stay away.

Q *I cheated on a test last week. I feel awful. I can't sleep nights. Other kids cheat all the time and aren't bothered. Why should I have such a big, fat conscience? What can I do?—E.H.*

A Your conscience was formed when you were little. It won't change. In the long run, life will be kinder to you because of your conscience. You are much better off than the kids who cheat easily. Tell the teacher what happened. Take the punishment. You'll feel a lot better.

Q *I'm 16. Sometimes I go to see a girl who is married. She's 19. Her husband is an old man in his 30s. I've gone for rides with her. I'm afraid I love her. What shall I do?—L.C.*

A Don't see her again. Don't write. Don't phone. Instead, look for unattached girl friends your own age, or a bit younger.

Q *I'm 13, the oldest child in the family. I used to get along with others. Now I get mad too often and say things I shouldn't. I'm pretty unpleasant sometimes. How can I be a better girl?—C.C.*

A You are in early adolescence. Your body is changing rapidly and you are emotional. At this age nearly all youngsters get mad too easily. Try to control yourself. But don't feel too bad when you make mistakes. Talk your problems over with your mother and your school counselor. Things will improve.

Q *I'm 18. I went steady with a girl for four years. I love her. Suddenly she stopped going with me and was married. I can't get over the shock. What should I do?—N.C.*

A There is no quick way to get over such a blow. Be sure you keep busy. Don't stay home, brooding. Get a job to fill your spare hours or cultivate your hobbies. Start dating other nice girls, but try not to fall in love. Rebound love affairs often are disastrous. Ask your minister to counsel with you. Gradually your happiness will return.

Q *I'm 14 and almost grown up. My father will not let me get into a car with a boy. The boy I date is 16 and a good driver. So far I haven't argued about this. But my girl friends have no such rules. Should I stand up for my rights?—S.F.*

A It's good that you have not argued. Your parents still have the right to decide such things. You'll gain your point fastest by proving in other ways that you and your boy

The chief business of the CHURCH

By ROY L. SMITH

A MILD-MANNERED man who seldom asked for the floor rose at a meeting of the official board of the church.

"I have listened to the discussion with interest," he said, "and I understand how important our actions have been. But I have waited to hear something said about the chief business of the church. As I understand it, we are organized to bring people into personal contact with Jesus Christ and then into church membership.

"But our entire conversation has revolved around money, organization, precedents, routines, and the care of the building. Before we adjourn, I would like to ask whether there is any prospect of our spending an evening discussing the best ways to win people to Christ and our church?"

With that he sat down.

He did not have long to wait before another member rose.

"What has just been said makes me feel guilty," he said.

"I know that there are hundreds of people in desperate need of that which our church could give them. I also know that we have made almost no effort to reach them. We hold our services and we advertise that 'everybody is welcome.' But we have never taken ourselves seriously. Isn't it time that we did so?

"I move that we meet one week from tonight and spend the entire evening devising some plan by which we can get out among the people and make them feel our concern."

The suggested meeting was held, and there was no talk of money or deficits. Board members assigned themselves tasks and agreed upon procedures. Within a week they began to show results.

Organizing themselves into teams, they went into the community bearing their testimonies. During the day their wives visited from door to door seeking those upon whom calls might profitably be made.

Within six weeks, by spending one evening a week, members won 94 commitments. But aside from the enlistment of new members, the board members themselves achieved a sense of spiritual victory within their own lives. While offering others solid reasons for uniting with the church, they convinced themselves of its importance.

Purely as an aside, the winning of nearly 100 new members provided the congregation with sufficient additional support to take care of the deficit.

What would happen if the experience of this little church were duplicated in every Protestant congregation in the land?

friend are responsible. Ask your dad to talk with the fathers of your girl friends about their rules.

Q *I'm 14 and smoke. My girl says cigarettes make me seem like a 'juve.' She won't go out with me when I smell of smoke. Should I stop on her account?—A.H.*

A There are many good reasons for stopping. Her opinion is one of them. Do stop.

Q *Is my sister balmy? She's 14 and fell in love with her English teacher last month. He doesn't know she's alive. How long will this last? —B.F.*

A She isn't balmy. Nearly all girls have crushes on teachers at one time or another. Don't criticize or scold her. Ask your mother to talk with her. Let her unburden herself freely. Crushes usually are short-lived.

Q *I'm ashamed of my mother and it makes her angry. I'm a sophomore in college. She works to pay my way. I've seen how refined other girls' mothers are. It's not her fault that she's crude. Should she scold me for saying so?—J.C.*

A Yes, she should. She is making a sacrifice and you ought to appreciate it. Put yourself in her place. You'll see that you've been cruel. Apologize and try to be more gracious.

Q *I'm 16 and president of our MYF. I have gone out with several boys. They never ask for a second date. I tell them I don't believe in parking. Does a girl have to go in for that stuff to be popular?—P.O.*

A No. Look at the popular girls in your class who don't. You'll find there are several. They're good sports, friendly. Boys enjoy their company, without love-making. You can do as well.

●

PUZZLED TEENS *need only to write Dr. Barbour their problems and he will help them find the right path. Address him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses are treated as confidential.*—EDS.

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Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

JANUARY 18

Whoever would be great among you must be your servant . . .—Mark 10:43

WHO IS there these days who applies for servants' jobs? Yet each of us is indebted beyond measure to countless people who have lived out this truth—relatives, teachers, preachers, scientists, tradesmen, writers, soldiers, officeholders, and multitudes unknown.

The remarkable thing is that people who live their lives as servants don't care whether they are great or not. They don't even think about it. All that matters is that they can be useful workmen approved of God.

If we recognize that fulfillment of our best natures comes when we are great as servants, and give up all ideas of manipulating and monopolizing people, inner life will flow serenely and be creative, adventuresome, beautiful, and sympathetic.

Have you noticed the five stories that comprise this 10th chapter of Mark? Jesus is very plain that in all family relationships successful living comes only when each is servant of the other.

He speaks of how husbands and wives should live together, plus the place of children among adults. Then runs up the rich young ruler volunteering to sign as a disciple. He went away sorrowful. Though he lived by the Ten Commandments, he could not catch the idea of living as a servant and using his abilities and possessions that way.

James and John and their mother missed the point when asking for the best seats on the platform right beside Jesus. Full expression of being a servant came when Jesus stopped along Jericho's roadside to bring light into the life of blind Bartimaeus.

As a congregation of individuals dedicated to such a way of conduct, the church has to be like this, too. "Whoever would build a great church among you must let it be a servant."

Prayer: Direct us, O Lord, that we may attain unto eternal life because we are servants of our fellow man through him who serves us, Jesus Christ our everlasting Lord. Amen.

—JAMES V. CLAYPOOL

JANUARY 25

For he taught them as one who had authority, and not as their scribes.—Matthew 7:29

JESUS had that quality which awakens interest, convinces the will, and motivates a response. While many teachers supported their words with references to other more widely known teachers, Jesus spoke with a note of finality. In the passage from which the theme for today is taken Jesus said, "You have heard that it was said . . . but I say to you."

The question arises in our minds, why did Jesus have such authority and how did he get it? To answer by pointing simply to his Sonship is to beg for an easy answer. We must go beyond simple answers and well-worn clichés. There are more intimate aspects of his authority which can be helpful to us.

First, Jesus' was the authority of close fellowship with God. The records that we have of his life indicate to us that a sense of the presence of the divine pervaded all his experiences. Whatever else the accounts of the Baptism, the Transfiguration, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection may mean (and they mean much more), they indicate an intimate relationship between the Father and the Son. He could speak with authority because he lived close to God.

Second, Jesus' was the authority of a sensitive life. Scholars have indicated to us that Jesus did not teach anything radically new; he simply filled vital truths with new meaning by being sensitive to the wants, needs, wishes, and interests of people. His was a sensitive soul who observed the birds of the air, the lilies of the field, the lost sheep, the distraught woman who lost a coin, the heart-stricken father who almost lost a son, and countless others. Although it is difficult to be considered an authority and not be authoritarian, Jesus seems to have mastered the delicate art by being sensitive.

Finally, Jesus' was the authority of complete dedication. An authority is one who masters his subject. He is committed to it. Jesus was so committed, so devoted, so completely given to his task that he gave even his life. No wonder he was regarded as "one who had authority."

Prayer: Our Father, in this time when the world so needs the authority of thy rule, give us the power to tell of Jesus, wherever we are, in the hope that all men may find authority in him. Amen.

—J. RALPH JOLLY

FEBRUARY 1

He said to them, "Then render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."—Luke 20:25

IN A Mother's Day contest conducted by a newspaper, the winning slogan was that of a boy who wrote: "My mother keeps on speaking terms with God and on spanking terms with me." We find hidden in this boy's humorous quip an approach to many of life's dilemmas when we wonder about our relationship to God in the midst of life's issues.

Jesus was presented with one of these perplexing issues when the chief priests tried to trick him into treason. "Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Caesar, or not?" Jesus, perceiving their craftiness, responded, "Show me a coin. Whose likeness and inscription

James V. Claypool
New Bedford, Mass.

has it?" They said, "Caesar's." He said to them, "Then render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

Jesus did not fall for the fallacy of the false alternative. He recognized that the state has certain claims upon its citizenry. Jesus did not leave the issue there, but quickly acknowledged that we have duties and debts we owe to God. It was his concern that we put God and his Kingdom first.

Many a conflict which exists today stems from this fallacy of the false alternative. There are those who persist in thinking that all of life's issues are either black or white, an either-or proposition; for example, those who advocate the individual gospel at the expense of the social gospel and vice versa, when in reality it is "both and." It is possible to be on speaking terms with God while dealing with life's issues. Jesus took this attitude toward the claims of the state upon its citizens. They can be met without surrendering ultimate loyalty to God. Our first loyalty is to God and this should not only make us citizens of his Kingdom, but also loyal servants in fulfilling the requirements made upon us in the world in which we live.

Prayer: Eternal God, we thank thee that thou hast set thy seal upon our inmost being, calling us to be heirs of thine eternal Kingdom. We pray thy spirit to guide us that we may be in this world but not of it. Direct us, O God, that we may not only be citizens of thy Kingdom, but also loyal servants of thine as citizens in our nation. Amen.

—Carroll H. Sprague

FEBRUARY 8

For the Lord sees not as man sees; man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart.—I Samuel 16:7

WE HAVE two boys, nine and eleven. We try to keep in touch with their experiences at school and play, and to know their friends. One day Mother was talking with John about school:

"With whom do you play at recess, John?"

"Oh, with Billy, Tommy, Richard, and some other kids." Mother had met Billy and Richard. We know their parents and the boys have visited at our house.

"Tommy? Who's Tommy?"

"Oh, I don't know his last name. He lives over behind Billy's house. He's in my room and he's a real nice guy."

A few days later, on a special Parents' Day, Mother visited John's room at school. Looking across the room, John whispered, "There's Tommy, Mother, right over there by the window."

"Do you mean the boy in the red shirt?"

"No, Mother. The one with the little bandage on his head. That's Tommy." Tommy is the only Negro in his room at school—and John identified him by a bandage on his head.

Prayer: Our Father, and the Father of all men, teach us with the simplicity of childhood to look not on the outward features of men, but on the heart, that our judgment may be like unto thy judgment. Amen.

—John L. Carpenter

FEBRUARY 15

To love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the strength, and to love one's neighbor as oneself, is much more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices.
—Mark 12:33

IT IS NOT so easy to love God—not in ways outlined by Jesus to this scribe. Love like this requires all our heart and soul and mind and strength. It does not ask a little bit of us, but all.

This is certainly not an affair only of feeling. When our Father's world lets loose its destructive forces against our treasured things; when evil events strike so meaninglessly, it is then we may feel no love. When John Wesley "went unwillingly" to a meeting led by a layman, he felt no great love for God. But there his heart was "strangely warmed" and love filled and changed his life. The travelers on the Emmaus Road felt despair, not love. Then the Risen Lord visited with them and their hearts burned with love. So the best of us do not at all times feel love toward God. Yet we may and should have some times when God's love fills our cup of life to overflowing.

But we should not depend only on feeling. We are also to love God with mind and strength. We are to "inquire in his temple." We are to respond to his perfect love with a love that is daily clarified with our care-full thinking. George Washington Carver prayerfully asked God what he had hidden in the peanut. God so much as said: "I gave you brains. Use them!" Carver did and released the hidden splendor of hundreds of things. With such reverent thinking-through we are to love God.

Only with such an all-out love of God do we come to love neighbors next door and across the whole world in a helpful, Christlike way. Such love is what the world and God are waiting for.

Prayer: God, we know we must love thee with all our being if we are ever to love others as we love ourselves. So we come to dedicate anew our whole being to love with heart, soul, mind, and strength. Use this more thorough dedication for creating thy kingdom of love amid the failing kingdoms of earth. We pray in the name of Jesus who "for their sakes" dedicated himself. Amen.

—Arthur B. Mercer

J. Ralph Jolly
Birmingham, Ala.

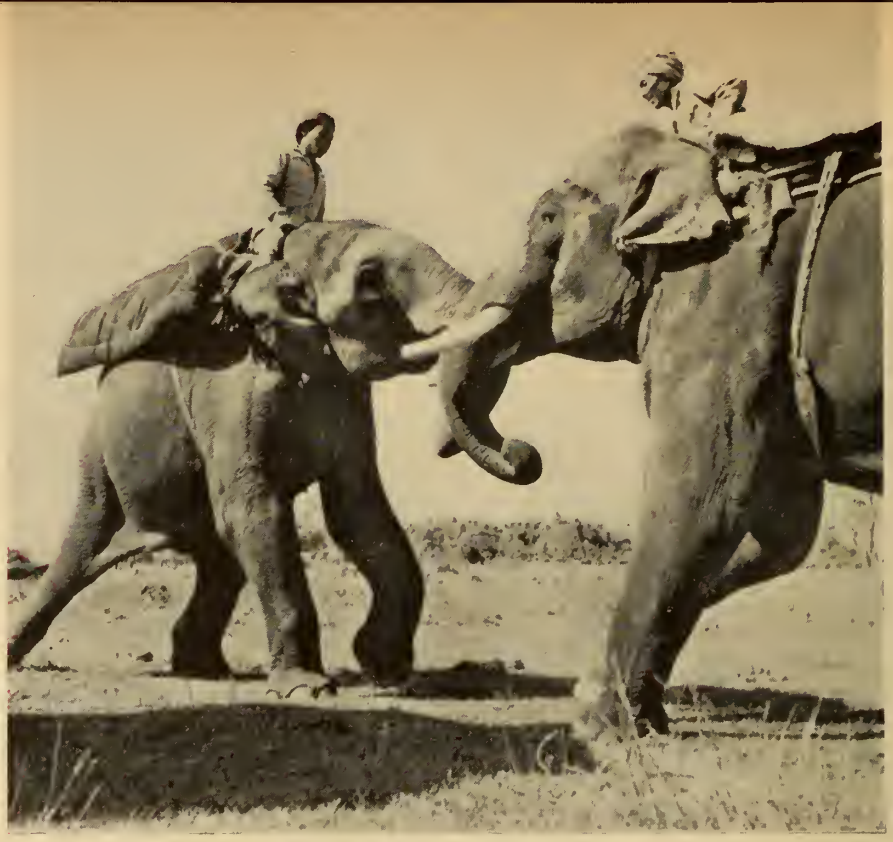
Carroll H. Sprague
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

John L. Carpenter
Santa Fe, N.M.

Arthur B. Mercer
Morris, Ill.

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books



It's war for these tuskers—but only in fun! From Animals in India.

AT A COUNTY FAIR in India, in the spring of 1955, world-renowned animal photographer **Ylla** was taking pictures of a bullock-cart race from the hood of a jeep. The jeep hit something; the photographer was thrown to the ground, fatally injured.

From the diary she had been keeping and the photographs she had taken, Harper has compiled *Animals in India* (Harper, $10), an exciting work of art and a memorial to the young Hungarian woman whose animal photographs have given delight to millions.

The love she felt for all animals is expressed in an entry she made after an elephant hunt. She wrote, "I do not understand that need in man to affirm himself heroically by killing. It seems to me that only a creative effort can give one a true sense of fulfillment. Photography fills me with a satisfaction no dead animal could possibly give."

We Americans are still a little bewildered by the mantle of world leadership that fell on our somewhat unwilling shoulders at the close of World War II. Our need to know the historical background of the fast-changing world situation is being brought home to us in many ways, in large part by people from all lands who come to our country to see and to study. You may ignore the need to know about a man's country and culture if he's thousands of miles away, but if he's sitting in the same room with you he can make you acutely aware of your ignorance.

That's why publication of the *History of the Modern World,* under way at the University of Michigan Press, is one of the most important publishing ventures of our time. This massive series, which will extend to 15 volumes, will provide a complete, authoritative modern world history for the general reader for the first time in more than half a century.

Co-editors are Pulitzer Prize winning historian **Allan Nevins,** who conceived the idea 10 years ago, and **Howard Ehrmann,** chairman of the University of Michigan's Department of History. Authors of individual volumes are men distinguished in their fields who have proved their ability to present the past with color, clarity, and drama.

The first four volumes now have been issued as a boxed set under the title *Countries of Decision* (Univ. of Michigan Press, $24.95 plus $1 mailing charge to Founding Members, $35 regular price). They are *Russia and the Soviet Union,* by **Warren B. Walsh,** chairman of the Board of Russian Studies at Methodist-related Syracuse University; *The Far East,* by **Nathaniel Peffer,** international relations professor, Columbia University; *The Near East,* by **William Yale,** professor at Methodist-related Boston University, and *Latin America,* by **J. Fred Rippy,** professor of history at the University of Chicago.

I asked one of our staff members with theological training what he thought of **J. B. Phillips'** translation of *The New Testament in Modern English* (Macmillan, $6). He said he thinks it has a great deal to recommend it.

Phillips became a Bible translator in World War II when he began reading the letters of St. Paul to a youth group in The Church of the Good Shepherd, London, where he was vicar. The young people obviously weren't getting the full meaning from the biblical language and Phillips began putting the letters into words they could understand more readily. The response was immediate, and 10 years ago *Letters to Young Churches* became a book.

In three subsequent volumes, Phillips has completed his translation of the New Testament, and now they are being published together. The Phillips translation is swift-moving, idiomatic, definitely of the 20th Century. However, it retains the special qualities that mark the different Gospels, and it would never bring the charge upon itself that it is Phillips' commentary on the New Testament.

As a partner to your Bible, it may well give you a vivid new perspective on Christianity.

"Distant lands or professional equipment are not what a naturalist needs most of all. What he needs is a bump of curiosity and a seeing eye—that kind of vision is worth more than all the tools in the world and it is what I should like to give my children, along

with the habit of wondering," says **Charlotte Orr Gantz** in *Discovering Nature* (Charles Scribners, $3.95).

Her twin sons, who live with her and her husband on a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, should find this easy to come by if they are like their mother. She writes with imagery and some knowledge about birds and butterflies, sea shells and land snails, flowers and ferns.

Discovering Nature is illustrated by Charles Hargens, who painted Francis Asbury's arrival at a Pennsylvania village for page one of our August issue.

The Robert Paul Smith household must be a lively one. Mr. Smith is the author of two of the funniest books of the last few years—*"Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing"* [Barnabas, May, 1957, page 60] and *How to Do Nothing With Nobody All Alone by Yourself*. Mrs. Smith is **Elinor Goulding Smith,** whose latest contribution to hilarity is *Confessions of Mrs. Smith* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.95). Their two sons haven't yet entered the field of letters, but then they are still under school age.

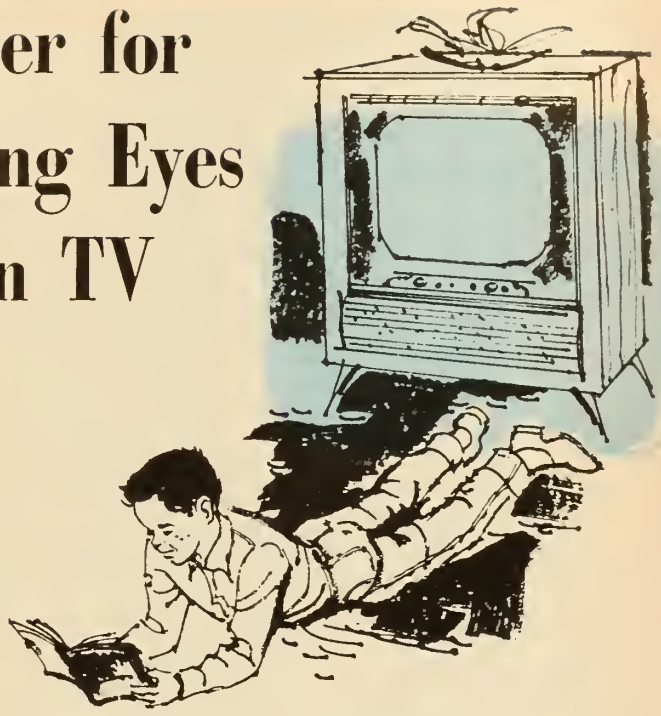
The whole family, however, figures in the "confessions" of the lady of the house, who shares with her readers the secret of how she acquired her lack of poise, admits defeat against a rising tide of antiques and books brought home by her husband, and reveals herself as a "rug addict."

Mrs. Barnabas says any woman who has a less-than-perfect figure, children who are at the jam-spilling age, and a husband who brings home more books than the shelves will hold (here she looked straight at me) will find a kindred spirit in Mrs. Smith—and plenty of air-clearing laughter in her reckless recollections.

If the current rate of increase continues, 1965 will see at least 1 million youngsters hailed into court as juvenile delinquents. Consequently, two new books that discuss what the church, the community, and individuals can do to help stem this terrible tide deserve serious study.

Understanding and Preventing Juvenile Delinquency (Abingdon, cloth $2.75, paper $1.25) has been written by **Haskell M. Miller** under the direction of the General Board of Social and Economic Relations of The Methodist Church. It provides a wealth of practical information, with projects and questions for discussion groups at the end of each chapter. The head of the Department of Social Ethics at Wesley Theological Seminary, Dr. Miller has been an active member of numerous

Better for Young Eyes Than TV



Top writers of adult fiction and nonfiction are also writing for boys and girls these days, and the results should give television some real competition. Here are some samples.

Remember the Alamo! (*Random House, $1.95*) by two-time Pulitzer Prize winner ***Robert Penn Warren.*** This is the dramatic, action-packed story of how Texas won her independence from Mexico.

Sailing the Seven Seas (*Houghton Mifflin, $1.95*) by distinguished novelist and playwright ***Mary Ellen Chase.*** A fresh and salty book about seagoing New England families and the clipper ships, packets, and East Indiamen on which they sailed.

The Marquis de Lafayette: Bright Sword for Freedom (*Random House, $1.95*) by award-winning newspaper editor and author ***Hodding Carter.*** The inspiring story of the young French nobleman who defied his king to fight for man's freedom on two continents.

Gold in California (*Houghton Mifflin, $1.95*) by ***Paul I. Wellman,*** whose historical novels include the best-selling **Jubal Troop.** The vivid story of how California was transformed from a sleepy Spanish province into a vast mining camp—then into statehood.

Young Thomas Edison (*Houghton Mifflin, $1.95*), a warm, lively, authentic biography of America's greatest inventor by ***Sterling North,*** author of more than 20 books for adults and young people.

The Story of the Texas Rangers (*Grosset & Dunlap, $2.95*) by ***Walter Prescott Webb,*** historian and author of books on the Southwest. An exciting account of the men who brought law to Texas.

The American Revolution (*Random House, $1.95*) by ***Bruce Bliven, Jr.,*** author of three books and many magazine articles. The stirring story of the quarter of a century that changed 13 English colonies into a new nation, the United States of America.

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child-welfare and family councils and conducted a firsthand study of boys' gangs in Dallas.

In *How the Church Can Help Where Delinquency Begins* (John Knox, $3) **Guy L. Roberts** points out that the church is in a unique position to "play the most vital role of any agency in the enlargement and enrichment of family life, and thus in the prevention of delinquency."

Dr. Roberts discusses methods that are available to the church and traces steps that have already been taken. Now pastor of the First Methodist Church, Clarkston, Wash., he gained knowledge of the causes of delinquency as a minister in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he worked with the social-welfare program of the Council of Churches and the domestic and juvenile courts.

William Howard Taft was president when young **James F. Byrnes** arrived in Washington as junior congressman from South Carolina. Harry Truman was president when veteran public servant Byrnes resigned as secretary of state. In between lay nearly 50 years in which the South Carolinian had held a greater variety of high offices than any American since the days of Jefferson—as a member of both Houses of Congress, a justice of the Supreme Court, master co-ordinator in the executive branch of the government dur- World War II, and secretary of state.

All in One Lifetime (Harper, $5) is Byrnes' own account of these years, plus the four years after his "retirement" when he served as governor of his state. It is an important contribution to the history of our time.

Remember the spring of 1940? Remember the astonishment—and despair—as Hitler's crack legions swept through one country after another? It took less than three months for the *Wehrmacht* to overrun Norway, Denmark, and the Low Countries, to bring France to her knees, and to sweep the last British troops off the continent at Dunkerque. To the allied world, the shades of night seemed to be closing in on all sides; Nazi Germany's war machine was too fast, too efficient to be stopped.

Now we have a glimpse at how all this looked from the inside. **Teleford Taylor's** *The March of Conquest* (Simon and Schuster, $7.50) gives us a close-up of German operations from the point of view of Berlin and the field commanders. Based on official German records, it is an absorbing story—and shows that, concealed from allied eyes, a king-size volcano made up of hesitation, disputes, and jealousies was erupting among the top Nazi leaders and their generals. A book worth reading—but be prepared for more technical data than a layman normally can absorb.

Stewart Holbrook is a West Coast author with a secure reputation. But fate's quirks are so unpredictable that many readers will feel most indebted to him for discovering and putting between hard covers the paintings of an eccentric whose name is the title of the book, *Mr. Otis* (Macmillan, $3.95).

"I was with Custer." From Mr. Otis.

Mr. Otis seems to have been a sort of skid-row character able to catch humor and social insight in lean lines and flat colors. One critic, a woman, told him, "You can't paint any better than Picasso."

Maybe this art should be classified as cartoons. I am not sure. But I do know that the adults who saunter by the reading table in the Barnabas home and pick up this book then sit and chuckle.

For swift-paced reading, you couldn't find a more absorbing book than *Daughter of the Gold Rush* by **Klondy Nelson** with **Corey Ford** (Random House, $3.50). This true story of the Alaska gold rush as seen by a girl growing into a woman is timely in view of Alaska's admission to statehood, and particularly interesting to Methodists in view of Methodism's historic role in Alaska. [See *Methodism's Stake in the Newest State,* January, page 35.]

Klondy's father was a prospector, whose compulsive search for gold transcended everything else in his life, even his family. Klondy grew up in the boom town of Nome, a tough, raucous, violent town where prospectors, gamblers, claim jumpers, and prostitutes rubbed elbows with explorers and promoters. Klondy knew them all.

When she left Alaska to study music in Seattle, she said she'd never go back. But she hadn't met Frank Dufresne. His job was wildlife reconnaissance in Alaska and points north, and when she married him she found herself on her way right back to Alaska again.

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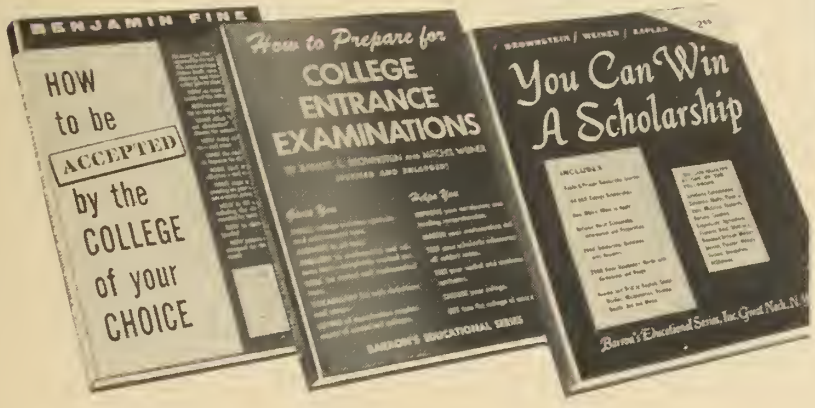

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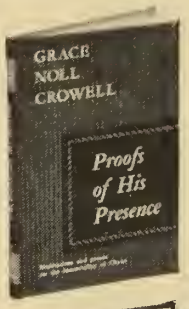

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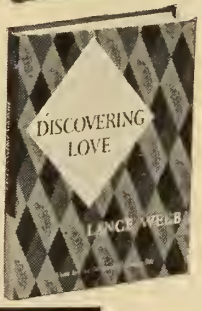

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Publisher of THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

Corey Ford met the Dufresnes 20 years ago and decided then and there he would someday help Klondy set down her life story. He's the ideal writer to do it.

Pogo and his animal friends in the Okefenokee Swamp are among the funniest, warmest characters ever to climb out of a cartoonist's ink bottle. *G. O. Fizzickle Pogo* (Simon and Schuster, $1) is the 14th book to be compiled from **Walt Kelly's** popular newspaper cartoon strip. If you're looking for chuckles you'll find them here as the heroes of the swamp plan to launch a moon rocket manned by a flea, form an organization of heroes to protect the moon from other heroes, or begin digging a canal through the Okefenokee to replace the trouble-plagued Suez.

"What this world needs," says Pogo's friend the Mouse after long deliberation, "is a whole new set of problems —anybody can mooze around with them old worn-out set-ups." Maybe he's right.

"We have the choice of two risks: the one lies in continuing the atomic arms race, with its danger of an unavoidable atomic war in the near future; the other in the renunciation of nuclear weapons, in the hope that nations and people will manage to live in peace. The first holds no hope of a prosperous future; the second does. We must risk the second."

Albert Schweitzer: Sounds a warning.

So believes one of the world's most notable citizens, **Albert Schweitzer** [you may remember *My Visit With Albert Schweitzer,* July, 1957, page 34]. Convinced that nations will not come to a workable agreement to end nuclear tests without the insistence of world opinion, Dr. Schweitzer made three appeals to the people of the world in broadcasts from Oslo last April. Now these appeals are in book form in *Peace or Atomic War?* (Henry Holt, $1.50).

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, by Boris Pasternak *(Pantheon, $5).*

This book has become a real blockbuster on the literary scene and a best seller around the world. You have been reading about it in the daily papers and it has now become one of the weapons in the cold war. Pasternak wrote it at a time when Russia seemed to be easing off on its censorship, though he had it published outside the country. Russia tried to get it stopped, but in vain. Now, to climax the whole affair, the author has been given the Nobel prize for this work and Russia is very much upset. The stooges have turned the big guns loose on the author. I find it hard to understand why the Communists have announced to the whole world that if anyone thought there was freedom of expression within Russia, he had better change his mind at once. Why all this fuss?

The answer is that the book deals with the Bolshevik Revolution and has as its hero a man who did not believe in it. He thought that the victory of the revolution meant defeat for the dignity and freedom of man. When you consider who the author was and where he comes from, this is a most amazing testimony for it must mean that there were and are many Russians who feel the same way deep in their hearts. It is perhaps even more serious than the Hungarian Revolution for it indicates that the Russian intellectuals were not always convinced by the propaganda either.

I am about to say something which will not hurt the book and will prob-

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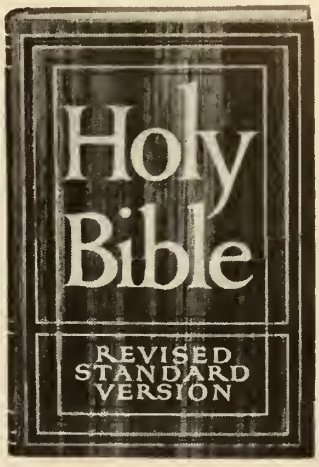

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ably reflect my own limited power of appreciation. I did not find the book very interesting. Like the great Russian novels, it has all kinds of characters and to me none of them really became real in the sense that other great novels bring people to life. I think the book could stand a good deal of condensation, elimination, and organization. It was one of the easiest novels to lay down that I have read in recent days. This, however, is a minority report. We should all rejoice that the book was written. Better read it or you'll be left speechless when friends discuss modern books.

LOLITA, by Vladimir Nabokov *(Putnam, $5)*.

If you have ever read Havelock Ellis, you will know what to expect here, for this is nothing more or less than the case study of a man who suffered from a sexual perversion. I mention it here because you have heard so much nonsense written about it. A man who prefers a twelve-year-old child as a companion rather than a mature person is one who is sick, sick, sick. It will be interesting to see what Hollywood is going to do with it. My guess is that they will either make the 12-year-old look as if she were 20 or else it will be a sweet story about the travels of a man and his stepdaughter. Actually, except for one brief scene, the book is not nearly so immoral or indecent as other novels which have been widely read and passed the censors. Nabokov can write and if a fellow has to deal with this theme, he has done it with about as good taste as any man can muster. I kept wondering why a man would write on this theme when there are so many other possibilities. If he is trying to justify this kind of situation, he might just as well write a novel in favor of blood poisoning. In that case he would be dealing only with a disease that needs to be healed.

DEPART THIS LIFE by E. X. Ferrars *and* **ALL MEN ARE MURDERERS,** by Lee Black *(Doubleday, $2.95 each)*.

I thought the mark of Crime Club on a mystery meant that it had some virtue. But apparently that is not always the case because I thought *All Men Are Murderers* was extremely poor and *Depart This Life* was only fair. I could go more into detail on these two books, but I do not want to offend the publishers for fear they may not send me any more mysteries. Believe me, I am not opposed to them as such, and when I find a good one, I tell all my friends about it. Try me again, Crime Club, with something I can really get enthusiastic about. Until then, brethren, my suggestion is that you watch Perry Mason on TV.

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What can I think of the Trinity?

You can think of it as a blessed part of our faith, even though non-Christians have sometimes accused Christians of believing in three Gods rather than one. Our Methodist Articles of Religion put it well when they mention "three persons, of one substance, power, and eternity."

The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are not three distinct and separate persons (to hear some people talk you would think that members of the Trinity were in competition with each other!) with distinct characteristics and tasks, but one Supreme Being, indivisible in existence and in action.

God always acts as a unity—a triunity, if you will. He never deals with us as Father alone, or Son, or Holy Spirit, but all together in harmony and mutuality. He is both transcendent and immanent and not (as some non-Christian theologians claim) transcendent in the Father, immanent in the Holy Spirit, and somewhere in-between in the Son.

The doctrine of the Trinity is a later clarification of our Christian thought, not spelled out in the Bible. Augustine had it: the Trinity is one who loves, that which is loved, and love itself. Calvin attributed to the Father the principle of action, to the Son wisdom and counsel, to the Holy Spirit power of action.

Others have had other ideas. The Trinity is an effort to understand the many-sided nature of God which, of course, is beyond understanding.

Can I believe in miracles?

You'd better; they are about you all the time. But there is something different about the miracles Jesus did. The difference is not in the technique but in the purpose.

Note first, however, the number of miracles. Mark devotes nearly a third of his Gospel (209 of 661 verses) to miracles. The four Gospels record 35 performed by Jesus and there are clear indications that he did many more (Matthew 8:16). We are continually getting the good news that he healed "all manner of diseases and sickness." Healing people, even miraculously, was natural with him.

Jesus never did a miracle to save himself. In a calloused and brutal time, his miracles were deeds of pity and mercy, usually dependent for their effectiveness on the faith of those helped. We may be sure that any miracles lacking these qualities have been imperfectly or incompletely reported to us. If "out of character," they are suspect.

Jesus did not hesitate to speak of his miraculous powers (Matthew 11:5, for example). In a time that looked for "signs," he gave them, but they were always signs of something important—not his power, but his mission. And he never denied the fact that he himself was the best sign, the greatest miracle.

So it is foolish to found one's faith on the possibility of the miracles. Rather we ought to found it on Jesus himself—his teachings about love and justice, his purity and loyalty, his courage that took him to the cross to reveal the miraculous wonder of God's grace.

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Fliffo Remembers

Together *with the SMALL FRY, by DALTON A. DOWDY*

THE COLD north wind brought snow and sleet as it whistled angrily past the tree in which Fliffo Squirrel made his home. Fliffo shivered, drew himself into a tiny ball, wrapped his long, bushy tail around him, and buried himself deeply into the bed of leaves. After that he slept soundly.

It was past breakfast time when Fliffo awoke and he was hungry. He searched for food, but the snow had covered all the nuts. There was nothing to eat anywhere. Fliffo painfully remembered how the other squirrels had chattered at him when the trees started changing colors last autumn. They had worked hard each day, gathering and storing food. But Fliffo had spent most of his time at play. He did not know about winter and he could not believe that a time would ever come when food would not be plentiful.

Now Fliffo gave up the search. He knew that the other squirrels were going to say, "We told you so," and he did not want to go to them, but there was nothing else to do.

The answer was the same from everyone. They had only enough for themselves. Fliffo begged them to give him just one nut. He promised to repay them when the snow melted, but he was reminded that the snow and ice might remain for a long time.

At last Fliffo went to Leapy, the oldest squirrel in the woods. Leapy was just finishing a supper of nuts when Fliffo arrived.

"You should have stored food before the snow and ice came," Leapy reminded him with a stern chatter.

"I did not know about the snow. Honest I didn't, Mr. Leapy. This is my first winter," Fliffo replied.

"Well, I wish I could help you, boy," said the old squirrel, "but I have eaten all the food I have."

"Didn't you store any food either?" Fliffo asked, surprised.

"Oh yes, I stored plenty, but I am old and forgetful. I cannot remember where it is hidden," Leapy said sadly.

As Fliffo headed for home, he leaped wearily over the ice and tried to remember where Mr. Leapy had hidden his food. He had often seen the old squirrel working steadily, but he had not

paid much attention then. Now he tried and tried to remember.

Suddenly he saw a fallen tree which looked familiar. Fliffo stopped short, turned quickly in his tracks, and sat back on his haunches. He frisked his bushy tail up over the back of his gray, furry coat, and perked up his thin, pointed ears. All at once he remembered playing nearby and seeing Mr. Leapy at the old tree. Fliffo slipped into the leaves under the tree and searched every inch, sniffing and smelling all the way. He scratched the leaves away quickly, and there they were. *Nuts!* Plenty of them!

Fliffo picked up a nut and was about to chew on it when he thought of Mr. Leapy. He remembered Mr. Leapy had said, "I am old and forgetful. I cannot remember . . ."

Fliffo put down the nut to forget, but each time he picked it up again he remembered Mr. Leapy. He also remembered that it was not right to eat food that belonged to another squirrel without his permission. Finally, he decided that he must take the nut to Mr. Leapy.

A few moments later, Fliffo dropped the nut at Mr. Leapy's feet and told him where he had found it. The old squirrel thanked Fliffo for finding the nuts, without even mentioning sharing them. So Fliffo was still hungry when he left, but he knew he felt better than he would have if he had eaten Mr. Leapy's food without permission.

When he was halfway down the tree, Mr. Leapy called to him. "Oh yes, Fliffo, help yourself to the nuts until the snow is gone. You can replace them after you gather some for yourself."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Leapy! Thank you!" Fliffo chattered joyfully.

He jumped excitedly to the frozen ground and bounded over the ice toward the old tree. He decided that he would never again ignore the advice of his elders. Next year he would gather enough nuts to last him all winter. And maybe some extra ones, too—just in case there might be a young squirrel around who had not planned for the winter.

Fun with 'Squirds' and 'Cowbits'

IMAGINE a squirrel with a bird's tail! What would you call it—a "squird"? Just for fun, the next time you're sick or don't know what to do, try making some mixed-up animals.

First, look through old magazines for pictures of animals. Cut them out and save them until you have several different ones. Then mix up the animals by cutting off parts of one animal and pasting them on another. For example, you could make a "cowbit" by pasting a rabbit's tail and ears onto a cow. Use color crayons to add special touches. As you finish each animal, paste it on a separate piece of paper, give it a name, and write a little story about it, like: "This is a 'cowbit.' It eats carrots and hay. It likes to hop around in pastures and wiggle its nose."

Then fasten the pages together and make a cover for them. Later, perhaps, you can take your book of mixed-up animals to school to share with your teacher and friends.

Valentine's Day

The aspens and the maples now
have lacy frost on every bough,

And through the woods the shadows go,
writing verses on the snow.

The tops of weeds are sealed up tight
in little envelopes of white,

And listen! in the frosty pines
snowbirds twitter Valentines.

—Aileen Fisher

Reprinted from Holiday Programs for Boys and Girls, © *1953, Plays, Inc.*

HOBBY ALLEY

She Plays It...

PIANISSIMO

By NONA BROWN THOMPSON

Mrs. Thompson holds two of her midget pianos, one topped by a tiny cat (Kitten on the Keys!), *the other carved of "pink ivory," an African wood sacred in Zululand.*

A HUNDRED pianos? In one living room?

Certainly, when they are miniatures. And mine, with one exception, are just that!

But to tell the story properly, you first must meet the rest of our family trio—Glenn, my husband, and Gary, my son. They're important because what started out to be my hobby soon became theirs, too. And it all began quite by accident, in a double sense of the word.

We had scarcely started a vacation trip, back in 1950, when a car ahead of us stopped without warning and we slammed into it. Gary was thrown against the dash, but luckily only slightly injured. As I sat with him in a doctor's office, I idly picked up a hobby magazine and, leafing through it, noticed an article and pictures about a Los Angeles woman who had a collection of miniature pianos. Incongruously, at such a time and such a place, I said to myself, "That's for me!"

I might better have said, "That's for us!" The day after we returned from our shortened vacation, Gary and I were making our very first tiny piano—a model of our own small upright. Ardent do-it-yourselfers would have been amused at our slapdash methods. I designed the model and Gary, with a dull coping saw, cut the pieces from a discarded scrap of common lumber and a small piece of plywood. Then we glued the pieces together, stained the whole unit walnut, glued on a keyboard (meticulously drawn on a strip of white paper), and finished it off with a tiny brand name cut from an old Christmas card. Somehow, it still didn't look exactly like our piano. Then we realized what the missing ingredient was—and made tiny copies of our sheet music which we put on the music rack.

If Gary and I were asked now, eight years later, to name our favorite miniature piano, we would have to say it is this one.

My husband, however, was not to be outdone. In contrast to our amateurish methods, he and a friend used power tools to shape a block of solid walnut to the likeness of a grand piano. He used a factory-made plastic keyboard and as a finishing touch installed a small music box which played Brahms' *Lullaby* when the piano's lid was raised.

No doubt about it, this piano was far more beautifully crafted than the one Gary and I had built using scrap wood. But it wasn't jealousy that kept us silent when my proud husband first showed it to us. Finally, Gary spoke up apologetically. "But Dad," he muttered, "you've got it curved the wrong way!"

It was only too true; the long part of the curve was on the right where the treble strings should be. I hastened to tell him I liked it just that way, that we would have the only left-handed piano in existence. But my husband promptly tore it apart and turned the body upside down, so the curve was corrected.

The best was yet to come, however. Not long ago, we found a little china antique grand that *is* curved the wrong way. So we have a left-handed piano, after all.

Many of our pianos—in fact, most of them—were found while on vacation trips, and now have double value as mementos of the trips we took together while Gary was growing up. I especially cherish the handsome pair of book ends on onyx bases, with a bronze Beethoven seated at a bronze piano. We found and admired them in a gift shop in the Arkansas Ozarks on our 20th wedding anniversary, but I turned away regretfully when I saw the price tag. When we left, however, my husband saw that the twin Beethovens went with us!

Another which we picked up while traveling is a relatively large grand, prized because it is the only one in our collection to have a full 88-key keyboard. We found it in a Texas drugstore during a refreshment stop. Made as a display chest for watch bands, it had a music box which played, most appropriately, *Now Is the Hour*. What good timing it was that we happened

along when the druggist had sold all the watch bands, and was willing to part with the piano!

Quite unusual, too, is the diminutive wooden grand with a blonde, pigtailed angel at the keyboard. A label identifies it as: "Made in Germany, USSR Occupied." How it found its way into a shop in Grand Lake, Colo., has always been a matter of conjecture. The tiny piece of music on its rack has notes distinct enough to be read. It is titled *Ihr Kinderlein, Kommet*—translated by our Methodist minister as *Ye Little Children, Come,* a traditional German Christmas song.

To most people, the surprising thing about our collection is the wide variety of materials used and the purposes for which the small instruments themselves were designed. We have them made of such diverse materials as wood, pottery, china, spun glass, plastic, bisque, cloth, rubber (complete with a monkey musician), and even soap.

As for uses, there are sewing boxes, jewel cases, lighters, planters, salt and pepper shakers, and various pieces of jewelry (such as pins, charms, bracelets, and earrings). One piano is a bank, with a slot behind the music rack to insert coins—and a removable leg for withdrawals!

Each of our tiny pianos is interesting for some reason, whether it came from the dime store or bears the distinguishing mark of Limoges, center of France's porcelain industry. Perhaps the most unusual is one carved from an African wood known as pink ivory, the sacred wood of Zululand. This wood is considered so sacred that tradition says any Zulu caught with it in his possession must be put to death. It is the only authentically pink wood in the world, similar to ivory in hardness and texture.

An unexpected side light to our hobby developed soon after we started—it was learning how the piano developed. The story was so interesting that we began building models of its forerunners.

In the very beginning, we learned, was the monochord, a crude, one-stringed affair. Then came the dulcimer, similar to the psaltery often mentioned in the Bible. Following it was the clavichord, which eventually bowed to the harpsichord—the modern piano's closest relative.

The first real piano was created by one Bartolomeo Cristofori in the late 1600s. He called it the *gravicembalo col piano e forte*—literally, a keyboard instrument that plays both soft and loud. Fortunately for us, the name was shortened by common usage. Can you imagine calling to your young son, "Come practice your *gravicembalo col piano e forte* lesson"? A fleet-footed lad would be two blocks away by the time you finished!

Learning the piano's history also gave us a new appreciation of the wonders of the modern instrument found in so many of our homes. Today's grand piano—with 2,061 separate parts—has such a delicate mechanism that a small child's finger can depress each key, yet is enclosed in a frame strong enough to withstand a string tension of 20 tons!

We're enthusiastic collectors, of course, and most anything pertaining to pianos interests us. That's why we're always brought up short when someone sees our collection and asks: "What good is it?" To us it has gone far beyond mere acquisition of related objects. Much more meaningful is the fact that we have developed and shared it as a family. Our collection is of memories as well as of objects.

Although I no longer actively search for new acquisitions, our collection continues to grow. Did I say earlier we had a hundred pianos in our living room? Actually, the tiny ebony grand which came a few days ago in a laundry case, buried deep among rumpled ivy-league shirts, makes an even 120!

These twin Beethoven book ends were a wedding-anniversary surprise from the author's husband. They're made of bronze, on onyx bases.

Name Your Hobby

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The Rev. Wilbur Choy and his . . .

Unusual Congregation

IF EVER you drop into St. Mark's Methodist Church in Stockton, Calif., chances are you won't understand half of the sermon. Don't worry. Neither will anyone in the congregation—unless he understands both Chinese and English!

Seventy per cent of the congregation is Chinese, as is the minister, the Rev. Wilbur Wong Yan Choy. The rest are Japanese, Negroes, Koreans, Mexicans, and white Americans.

This makes St. Mark's one of the most unusual churches in Methodism, but it wasn't planned that way at first.

The building once belonged to Clay Street Methodist Church. But that church fell victim to a changing population picture, so familiar to churches in many cities today. Membership declined sharply with the exodus of families to the suburbs. Yet, nearby the Chinese Christian Center, a mission church, was gaining in membership.

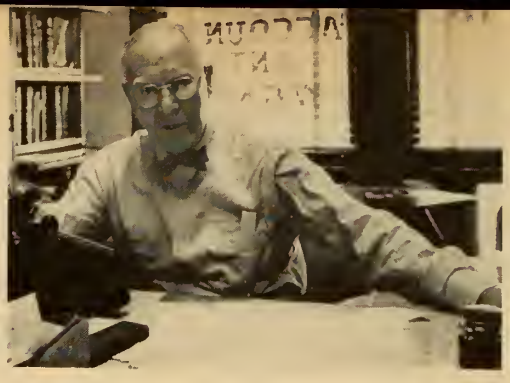
Consolidation, the only answer, came as a necessity. Assets, memberships, and official boards were merged successfully into a well-functioning unit. Members concentrated on a common denominator —their faith. In its glow, differences melted away.

Mr. Choy, a native Californian, was named pastor of the new consolidated church. He is a fluent speaker in both Chinese and English—and his affable personality helped weld together the diverse elements.

If you visit the new St. Mark's today you'll find a proudly self-supporting church with a budget of $14,000 and membership of 230. And if you don't understand the sermon in Chinese, just wait. In a few minutes Mr. Choy will be repeating it in English.

Caucasians, Orientals, and Negroes comprise St. Mark's unique team of ushers.

"You preached a wonderful sermon this morning!" Whether in Chinese or English, this always brings a smile to Pastor Choy's face.



Accountant William Neil is chairman of the official board. He's a graduate of Georgia Tech, the son of a U.S. Army doctor, and has lived in the Philippines and Hong Kong.

Well-attended Sunday school offers children such as Joycelyn Taeger (left) and Mable Louie an opportunity for companionship.

Collegian Annette Wong leads Bible class.

Cultures differ, but voices blend into one as the choir sings in worship.

Lay leader Dr. Paul K. Yee left Asia in 1929.

Nurse Elizabeth Clay is recording steward.

Children find a richly rewarding fellowship in the church gymnasium.

Recent arrivals, such as former Chiang Kai-shek pilot T. S. Liang (and wife) from Hong Kong, look to Choy for counseling.

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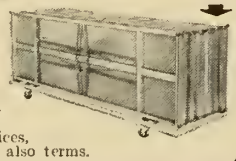

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of the world parish

International Relations: New Protestant Emphasis

U.S. Protestants can expect increased emphasis on international relations in their churches. A Program of Education and Action for Peace is scheduled from June, 1959, to June, 1960. Planned by the National Council of Churches, it will begin with summer training institutes and later will be developed in state and local councils of churches and, finally, local congregations.

It is being set up to continue the concern of the recent World Order Study Conference, at which 600 Protestant leaders tackled thorny problems of relations between nations and heard Secretary of State John Foster Dulles warn newly independent nations against the blandishments of Communism.

The Conference advocated "more liberal and imaginative" aid to other countries and step-by-step disarmament by multilateral agreement. But its most controversial action was to favor U.S. recognition and UN admission for Red China. As the Conference's stand came under immediate attack, it quickly pointed out that it spoke only for itself. It also denied that recognition of Red China would mean approval of Communist policies—a denial one opponent called "rank hypocrisy."

Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam declared, "That China is a collectivized tyranny but few doubt. But it is the government in fact, and in all probability will remain so, many believe."

The bishop also proposed the U.S. let Russians visit America by the "tens of thousands."

"Let them see our schools, factories, churches, art galleries," he advocated. "Our dear land will stand the scrutiny and prove to be the best answer to Soviet propaganda." Similarly, another prominent Methodist, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, New York, urged more exchanges with Russian clergymen, musicians, educators, and students.

Praises German Protestants

Attendance and membership in Protestant churches in East and West Germany are gaining. So reports Bishop Friederich Wunderlich, head of The Methodist Church in Germany.

Many young people are taking religion seriously, he finds, and there is more co-operation between free and state-supported churches. Further, he says, brilliant young men now are entering the ministry despite low pay.

The Methodist Church in Germany has five annual conferences, two theological schools, and 17 hospitals.

Aid for Migrants: How Much?

Church groups should be lobbyists for the country's 2.5 million "stateless and voiceless" migratory workers, delegates were told at a recent meeting of the National Council of Churches' National Migrant Committee.

Five hundred civic and religious officials heard speakers urge that the federal government shoulder its responsibilities in this field. Effective legislation is needed in such areas as loans to growers for adequate housing, controlled transportation for workers, prevention of exploitation, and prohibition of child labor, the Committee was informed.

Formation of a bureau of migratory labor in the U.S. Department of Labor also was recommended.

Mrs. Monica Owen, of the NCC's Migrant Ministry, pointed out that the Church cannot work merely through that agency, which has only 40 persons at the national level. "Changes in the law take years and the Church in its mission to people cannot wait," she said.

It was generally agreed that a major obstacle to raising migrants' wages in some states is the fact that pay hikes raise costs of growers who have to compete with produce from states where costs are lower.

Other Religions on the March

By using the methods of Christian churches, ancient religions of Asia and Africa are staging an "astonishing" comeback, according to Dr. Andrew S. Burgess of Luther Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. In a one-year globe-girdling trip he found that some such religions already are launching extensive Christian-type missionary efforts. Buddhist children, for example, sing *Buddha loves me, this I know* and other corruptions of Christian songs. Dr. Burgess also found:

Buddhism has staged a vigorous rally in Japan, Formosa, and Hong

Kong, and is winning converts among Western peoples.

Shintoism is thriving in Japan after a setback after World War II, when the emperor declared he was not divine. At one Tokyo university, 5,000 students are preparing to be Shinto priests and teachers.

Hinduism has been revitalized and reorganized by highly educated Indians. Old beliefs have been combined with Christian ethics and "made to appear both noble and divine."

Islam remains the bitterest opponent of Christianity in Africa. Traveling Arab merchants are fervent Mohammedan missionaries. [See *Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends,* November 1958, page 18.]

New Light on Alcoholics

A National Seminar on Rehabilitation of Alcoholics has opened new insights on counseling and working with problem drinkers.

The four-day training period, sponsored by the Methodist Board of Temperance and held in Evanston, Ill., was a refresher for some who are heavily involved in the work and opened new areas to others new to helping alcoholics.

Dr. Howard Clinebell of Southern California School of Theology outlined a five-point program:

- Back research.
- Develop a sustained education program.
- Encourage early treatment.
- Influence social sanctions against heavy drinking.
- Develop among all church members a concern for good mental health.

Dr. Carroll A. Wise, professor of counseling at Garrett Biblical Institute, told his audience:

"It's not so much what you do in counseling as what you are."

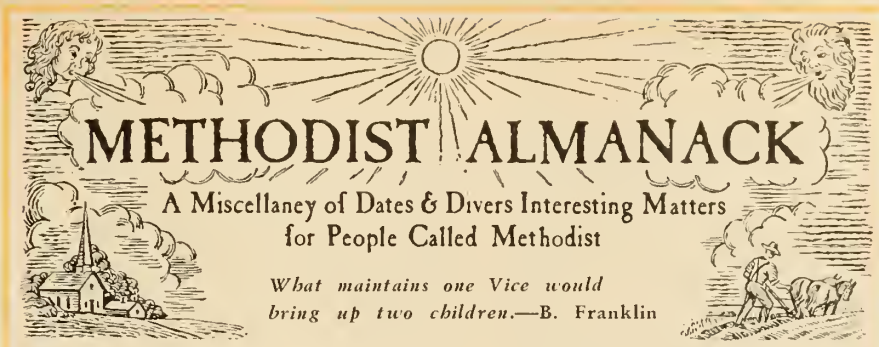
The Board of Temperance reported that there are 437,933 purveyors of alcoholic beverages as against only 306,893 places of worship in the U.S.

Reject 'Blue Law' Review

The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review the constitutionality of an Ohio "Sunday blue law," a move that, court observers say, indicates the justices feel such laws are constitutional.

Two supermarket owners, convicted of making employees work on Sunday, appealed an Ohio Supreme Court decision which upheld their lower-court convictions. The American Civil Liberties Union and its Ohio affiliate, in a friend-of-the-court brief, contended that the law banning Sabbath business is "a clear violation of the constitutional provision guaranteeing freedom of religion."

In Philadelphia, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals declared it will re-



FEBRUARY hath XXVIII days — 2nd Month

By winning words to
conquer willing hearts—Milton

1	S	J. Wesley returns to England, 1738 ☛
2	M	De groundhog seen his shadder
3	Tu	Four immortal chaplains, 1943: ☛ Meth. chaplain retreat, Pacific Grove, Calif.
4	W	Form Natl. Inst. Arts & Letters, 1913
5	Th	Meth. Interracial Conf., Morristown, Tenn.
6	Fr	9 Power Pact to protect China, 1922
7	Sa	*Giving never emptied the purse*
8	S	Race Relations Sunday
9	M	John Wesley, age 6, escapes fire ☛
10	Tu	Mormons begin last trek, 1846
11	W	Lincoln farewell to Springfield, 1861
12	Th	1st sermon by a Negro, H. H. Garnet, in House of Reps., 1865
13	Fr	Establ. Indian school for deaf, 1843
14	Sa	Jack Benny is 39
15	S	Brotherhood Week Starts
16	M	*Envy is a pain of mind*
17	Tu	Geo. Whitefield preaches in open air, 1739. (Praised much by Benj. Franklin)
18	W	Meth. Book Concern, N.Y., burnt 1836
19	Th	Invade Iwo Jima, 1945
20	Fr	1st comprehensive postal law, 1792
21	Sa	J. Greenough gets 1st sewing machine patent, 1842. (Not much of a time saver)
22	S	*And Washington, Columbia's son,* *Whom easy nature taught, sir,* *That grace which can't by pains be won* *Or Plutus' gold be bo't, sir.*
23	M	J. Q. Adams, 6th presdt., passes to his eternal reward, 1848. Age 81
24	Tu	"A law repugnant to the Constitution is void"—Chief Justice Marshall, 1803
25	W	Greenbacks first printed, 1862
26	Th	Napoleon escapes from Elba, 1815
27	Fr	1st reference to "Robyn Hood," 1377
28	Sa	Put down your hatchets, girls. This year you may not leap.

De groundhog seen his shadder
Yeah, but dat don't mean a thing
'Cept hit jes make 'im madder
Dan a three inch hornet sting . . .

Cuz ef de weather's bad . . . o' course!
Why, hit's all 'is fault you bet it
But ef de days come soft and warm
Den a robin gets de credit!

—Frank Howard Clark

■ In Georgia he preached plain and searching sermons which cut to the soul, causing many sinners to be "exceeding mad" at his "satires on particular persons."

■ George Fox from old Thetford (Vt.) Methodist Church, died with three other chaplains in sinking of the "Dorchester." These heroes gave their life jackets to GIs. [See Together Nov. 1956, page 44.]

■ In 1696 the Samuel Wesleys and their many children moved to Epworth rectory. One night a Jacobite mob, enraged at Sam'l for aiding Orangemen, burned his home. By mischance little "Jackey" was left behind. Sam'l fell to his knees, commending his boy to God—but others formed a human ladder and from the very jaws of the flame saved Jackey, a "brand plucked from the burning"—the future founder of Methodism!

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view litigation in which Pennsylvania's "blue law" is being challenged.

Meanwhile, many church, business, and civic leaders are concerned over the commercialization of Sunday. George W. Dowdy, president, National Retail Merchants Association, declared in a statement echoed by others, "Sunday openings perform no vital service for the vast majority of customers and contribute relatively little to the nation's economy."

Service Dollars Scarcer

"The World Service Dollar is worth more than any other dollar at any time," Boston's Bishop John Wesley Lord recently announced. "It's the biggest dollar in the world."

However, for the first six months of the 1958-59 fiscal year, Methodism's "biggest dollar" has not been coming in as fast as before. World Service giving is down 6.12 per cent—some $255,334 less than the same period a year ago.

A financial report from Dr. Thomas B. Lugg, general secretary and treasurer, Methodist Council on World Service and Finance, showed WS receipts at $3,918,795.89, compared to last year's figure of $4,174,130.22.

Five other funds also showed losses: The Week of Dedication, down 17.67 per cent; Fellowship of Suffering and Service, 10.46 per cent; Episcopal Fund, 3.42 per cent; General Administration Fund, 8.87 per cent, and the Interdenominational Co-operation Fund, 4.09 per cent.

Gainers were: World Service Specials, up 32.11 per cent; General Advance Specials, 14.53 per cent, and Methodist Television Ministry, up 21.19 per cent. A new fund, the Famine Relief for India, received $24,178.76 in six months.

Hong Kong Bishop Dies

Bishop Ralph A. Ward, 76, of the Formosa-Hong Kong Area, died December 10 in Hong Kong. Much of his life had been spent as a missionary and bishop in China.

During World War II, Bishop Ward lived three years in Japanese prison camps, where he suffered from malnutrition. After the Reds took control of China, he remained there 18 months. Later he began Methodist work in Hong Kong and Formosa among refugees from the mainland.

817 Jobs for Missionaries

The Board of Missions has 817 openings for missionaries in 1959. Included, a spokesman says, are 100 openings for special-term missionaries —college graduates, 21 to 28, who serve for two or three years.

Needed overseas (in Central and South America, Asia, Africa): 338

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teachers and other education workers; 99 medical workers, including 28 doctors, 2 dentists, 51 nurses, and others; 25 business and secretarial missionaries; 11 agricultural and home-economics workers; 174 specialists in church and social work, and 50 special-term missionaries. U.S. openings call for 120 workers.

Requirements for missionaries are high, the Board says: college education, good health, wide Christian experience, high quality of past study and work. General age requirement: 23-35.

Poland—'Brightest Spot'

Methodism behind the Iron Curtain is growing—and Poland is "the brightest spot of all." So reports Bishop Ferdinand Sigg of the Geneva (Switzerland) Episcopal Area.

The bishop visited the U.S. to attend the Council of Bishops meeting in Cincinnati. His area includes Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, North Africa, Yugoslavia, and the four Iron Curtain countries of Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Poland.

"Poland is a freer country than the others," Bishop Sigg declared. "It does not have much to lose or much to gain, but it is remarkable to see how the people cling to what little they have."

As for some of the other countries:

"Hungary is the most Western-minded.

"Yugoslavia, the poorest of all, is always in-between.

"Bulgaria has always been pro-Slavic and closer to Russia. Methodism is winning everywhere except here."

In Poland, he said, hopes are high for establishing a seminary to train more Poles in the ministry. Methodists there, the bishop explained, are free to progress but not to enter politics.

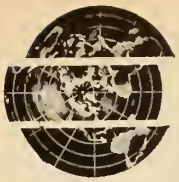
Methodism found its way into Poland in 1920 as part of a relief program of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1949 missionaries were forced to withdraw, but two years later U.S. Methodists were able to return.

School Fire Jolts Churches

Churches are cracking down on fire hazards in the wake of the blaze that took more than 90 lives at Our Lady of the Angels Roman Catholic elementary school in Chicago.

Church leaders are campaigning for strict inspection of church and school property and are warning against using candles in church services.

Washington, D.C., officials are urging that flashlights with flame-styled bulbs replace candles in night processions and ceremonies. And at least one church—the New Milford, N.J., Presbyterian Church—has held a fire drill during Sunday morning worship service. The Sunday school there has held fire drills for years.



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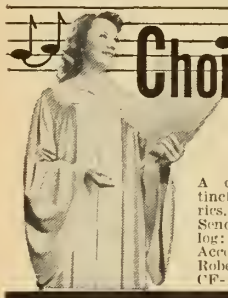

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Nurse Herrman: Hailed by Methodists.

'Miss Student Nurse,' 1959

Ruth Herrman, 23, of Nyssa, Oreg., is Miss Methodist Student Nurse for 1959. She was picked from 32 candidates, seniors in the upper third of the class at Methodist hospital schools of nursing, to be honor guest at the annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes in St. Louis, January 27-29.

Miss Herrman represents Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing, Spokane, Wash. An active Methodist, she is a former president of the Methodist Youth Fellowship in Nyssa.

To Aid Negro Colleges

Methodists are being asked to give $1 million in special offerings on Race Relations Sunday, February 8, to aid 13 Methodist-related Negro colleges. This will be only a start, leaders point out, toward $6 million these colleges need for buildings and equipment.

The $1 million, when raised, will allow the church to claim several additional millions from foundations and individuals. Last year the Race Relations offering was a record $355,456.

The schools, all in the South, have a total enrollment exceeding 8,600. They own property worth $15 million and have endowments of another $10 million.

For 3 Boards: A Merger?

Methodism's three general social-action agencies may become one at the 1960 General Conference if an acceptable merger can be worked out.

The church's Co-ordinating Council wants to combine the Boards of Temperance, Social and Economic Relations, and World Peace. A plan was authorized at a Council meeting in Los Angeles, after hearing reports on how

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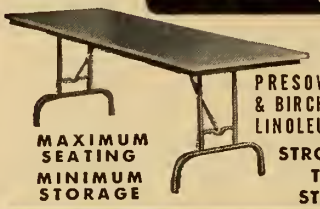

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mergers at the Annual Conference level have worked out.

The Council is also weighing continuation of the Commission on Higher Education at the national and Annual Conference levels.

Bishops Friederich Wunderlich of Germany and Gabriel Sundaram of India attended. The Council will meet again April 20-21 in Chicago.

Observe Constitution Day

The 150th anniversary of the adoption of Methodism's Constitution was marked December 9 with ceremonies in Philadelphia's Academy of Music. Attending were bishops and other officials of The Methodist Church, the African Methodist Episcopal, Christian Methodist, AME Zion, Free Methodist, Primitive Methodist, Wesleyan Methodist, and the heavily Methodist United Church of Canada.

Prior to adoption of the Constitution, the General Conference held absolute power; it could even discard the General Rules or repeal the Articles of Religion. A resolution adopted in 1808 became known as the Constitution in 1892. It defined the duties of the central body and set up a system for fair representation of all conferences.

The service was sponsored by the World Methodist Council and the Philadelphia Area of The Methodist Church. Bishop Fred P. Corson, like the meeting's chairman, Charles C. Parlin of New York, is a vice-president of the World Council. In his address the bishop credited the 1808 resolution with preserving the purity of the Articles of Religion as handed down by John Wesley and with establishing a representative church government. He said:

"It has at the same time prevented doctrinal schism, is the source of our polity, unity, and stability, and is modern enough to provide for modern organizational and promotional practices."

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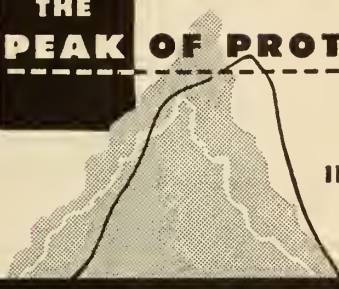

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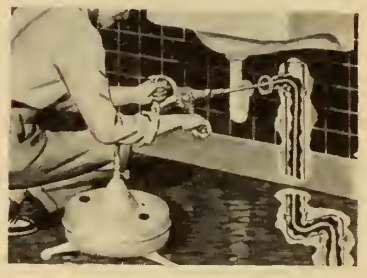

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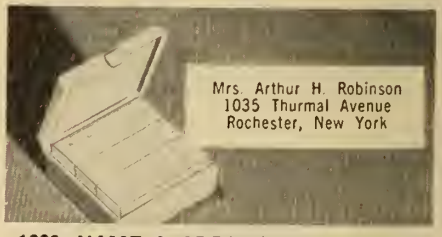

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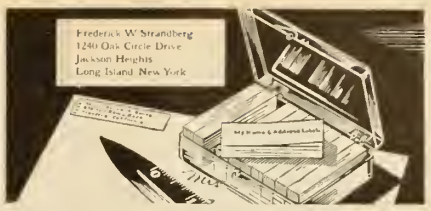

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Where Washington First

Lt. Col. George Washington as portrayed in uniform by noted artist Charles Willson Peale.

TUCKED AWAY in the Appalachian foothills of southwestern Pennsylvania is a huddle of buildings where each year hundreds of young Methodists study, worship, sing, and enjoy fellowship. Yet the same overlooking hills which now echo song and laughter once pulsed to marching feet and musket volleys. Here, a band of Virginia militiamen under Lt. Col. George Washington—then just 22—ignited the French and Indian War in America and the Seven Years' War in Europe.

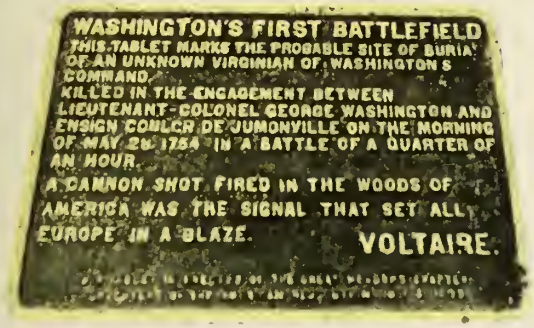
European rivalry for American real estate had reached a peak in 1754 when the English sent Washington to protect claims in the Ohio River Valley. From Fort Cumberland, Britain's westernmost stronghold, he pushed northwest toward French-held Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) some 110 miles distant. About midway, his scouts found a French force camped in a rocky glen. Washington's men quickly surrounded it and routed the enemy. Their commander, Ensign Coulon de Jumonville, was one of 10 Frenchmen killed in the skirmish, giving Jumonville Glen its name.

When this news reached Fort Duquesne, French reinforcements hurried south and, a few weeks later, pinned down Washington's troops in a log palisade he aptly named Fort Necessity. (This site now is restored as a national battlefield site south of Jumonville Glen.) The nine-hour battle, Washington wrote, was fought ". . . with an Enemy sheltered behind the Trees, ourselves without Shelter, in Trenches full of Water, in a settled Rain, and the Enemy galling us on all Sides incessantly. . . ." Later he negotiated a cease-fire agreement by which the chivalrous French permitted him to withdraw over the mountains. The next morning, July 4—a date later to gain luster in American history—he and his men began the long trek back to Fort Cumberland.

A scant year later, Washington marched back with famed British General Edward Braddock on an expedition to capture Fort Duquesne. Braddock's 2,000 men cleared a 12-foot road from Fort Cumberland northward past Jumonville Glen. But catastrophe lay in store for the Redcoats, fresh from England and accustomed to open-field maneuvers. As they crossed the Monongahela River, French troops and Indians waited in ambush behind rocks and trees. Braddock fell mortally

The Training Center's old chapel is named for the late Harry Whyel, layman who donated Jumonville to Methodism.

Made History



From this ledge, Washington's men unleashed deadly musket volleys against Jumonville's French force in the glen below. Commemorative plaque (above) is nearby.

General Braddock, wounded in ambush, died near Jumonville during retreat. This romantic painting by Alonzo Chappel now hangs in the Chicago Historical Society.

wounded in their crossfire. His demoralized troops, fleeing south, paused only briefly to destroy supplies and arms at Dunbar's Camp, near Jumonville Glen. Braddock was buried in the roadway over which his shattered army passed.

America's history makers then shifted to other arenas on the continent, and Jumonville Glen lay undisturbed until 1875. Then a school for orphans of Civil War veterans was established in a neighboring valley. Abandoned years later, it passed through many hands until acquired by the late Harry Whyel, prominent Uniontown businessman and Methodist layman. He donated the buildings and surrounding property to Methodism's Pittsburgh Conference for the Christian training of youth. Since its dedication in 1941 as the Jumonville Methodist Training Center, this 300-acre retreat has served thousands each year. The present dormitory, dining, classroom, and recreation facilities accommodate up to 400 persons.

So it is that today the Christian flag flies over historic Jumonville—and where once was hatred and bloodshed, there now is peace, love, and brotherhood.

—Richard C. Underwood

French, British, American, Christian—
these flags signify eras in Jumonville's history.
In the distance, above all: a 68-foot cross.

Now a national park, Fort Necessity and its entrenchments were restored in 1954.

Near Dunbar's Camp, where Braddock's retreating army destroyed armaments and supplies, Jumonville music campers Don Scandrol and Joan Whitlatch dig up a cannonball.

Magnificent memento: a scale-covered 47-pound howitzer shell, one of many relics occasionally found near Jumonville.

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